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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXVI. No. 2234.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1939.

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Advertisements for this column are accepted AT THE RATE OF 2D. PER WORD prepaid (if Box Number used 6d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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A SMALL EXPENSIVELY BUILT HOUSE

of good taste throughout.

Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., (C. 48,818.)
6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

A GEM OF ANTIQUITY

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION IN

KENT

FOR SALE BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS



THIS PICTURESQUE FARMHOUSE

Full of old oak, modernised in perfect harmony.

5 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM, 2 RECEPTION
ROOMS.

Co.'s electric light. Own water supply.

OLD-WORLD COTTAGE AND TITHE BARN.

GARDENS AND GROUNDS

intersected by River Stour, which is bridged in six places.

Beautiful walks, rose, rock and water gardens and
paddocks; in all about

8 ACRES

PRICE ON APPLICATION

Inspected and thoroughly recommended by

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., (K. 48,297.)
6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

Estate Offices: 6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON (Phone 0081) and HAMPSTEAD (Phone 0082)

Telephone No.:
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MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

Telegraphic Address:
"Overbid-Piccy, London."

DORSET

Blackmore Vale Hunt.

2 hours by train from Town.

A Well-Appointed Country House

Hall, 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms (with fitted lav. basins), 2 bathrooms.
Main Electricity and Water. Central Heating.
STABLING. 3 COTTAGES.



350ft. up, with avenue carriage drive with Lodge; surrounded by
Beautifully Timbered Old Grounds and Park of 50 Acres.

Moderate Price.

Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (15,890.)

A Really Charming Old XIVth Century Residence

of real character, with typical
period features, pleasantly
mellowed by time, whilst in
first-rate order.

All Modern Appointments

Main electricity and water,
central heating, etc.



BETWEEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND THE COAST



4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Garages. 2 Cottages.

MATURED GARDENS, FORMING AN IDEAL SETTING, OF SPECIAL APPEAL TO A GARDEN LOVER

in harmony with the character of the House.

Woodland dells, with stream, cascades, etc.

MODERATE PRICE WITH 21 ACRES

Delightful secluded situation, in heart of unspoilt
rural surroundings, yet not at all isolated.

Very highly recommended by Sole Agents, as above. (17,143.)

-LANDED ESTATES FOR INVESTMENT

DORSET

1,400 ACRES

Spacious Georgian-type Residence in Parklands,
with River affording

Trout Fishing

for over a mile. Shooting.

Several Farms.

Cottages.

EXTENSIVE WOODS

(15,821.)

YORKS

2,500 ACRES

An Important Estate with woodlands, a small moor,
numerous farms, holdings, cottages, etc.

Perfectly Appointed Residence

in Beautifully Timbered Park.

(16,224.)

MIDLAND COUNTY

2,000 ACRES

Convenient for Birmingham.

Residential and Sporting Estate with capital shooting
and a stretch of **Trout Fishing**. Numerous Farms.

Georgian Residence

of merit, in a fine Park.

(16,827.)

Particulars of these, and other Estates, Farms, etc., of Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER.

Up-to-date Country House near Winchester

Close to Downs and Golf Course. Fishing in district.



Secluded, amidst charming
Matured Gardens and
Pasture.

4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3
bathrooms, Main Electricity,
Central Heating.

STABLING.

SQUASH COURT.

60 Acres

For Sale by OSBORN
and MERCER. (17,122.)

700ft. up on beautifully wooded hills, amidst unspoilt country near Sevenoaks.

Lounge hall, 3 reception,
10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Modern Conveniences.

Stabling, etc.

Finely Timbered Gardens.

PARK AND WOODS

£4,500 30 ACRES

Agents:

OSBORN & MERCER.
(M.2135.)

EASY DAILY REACH OF LONDON



ONLY £1,900

In a good social and Hunting district, in a "safe"
rural area, near to a good town in
NORTHANTS



A GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE

with lounge, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom.
Modern Conveniences, etc.

STABLING.

GARAGE.

Well-Timbered Grounds of 2 Acres

(M. 2122.)

ONE OF THE FINEST RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES AVAILABLE.

CLOSE TO ASHDOWN FOREST

350ft. up, amidst very beautifully wooded, unspoilt surroundings, near well-known Golf Course. On sandstone
soil, facing South, approached by a long winding carriage drive.

Fine Georgian House, fitted with every modern convenience and luxury



5 reception, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms. Main Electricity and Water. Central Heating.
Ample Stabling, Garages, etc. Several Cottages.

**Beautiful Old Grounds and Park with large Lake, Woodlands, etc., in
320 Acres**

For Sale by Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER. (17,036.)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No. 1
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
12, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

FIRST TIME IN THE MARKET FOR 200 YEARS
Overlooking Common for ever protected. City or West End
reached in 40 minutes.



TO BE SOLD.—An Early GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, in excellent order and easy to run. 9-10 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 reception rooms. Central heating, all main services; Garage, man's room, Stabling. Beautiful Old Garden with tennis court.

3 ACRES

Further particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (1068.)

23 MILES. 35 MINS. SOUTH



£4,500 (500ft. up, gravel soil).—4½ Acres. 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, billiards, 3 reception and maids' sitting rooms. Central heating and all Co.'s services.

TENNIS LAWN. PROLIFIC GARDEN. ORCHARD.

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4 MILES GUILDFORD

Unspoiled district. Secluded position.



THIS OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE, converted and modernised by Architect Owner. 4 bed, bath, hall, 2 reception rooms. Old oak beams, oak floors; open fireplaces. Main water and electricity, central heating. Garage. **HALF-AN-ACRE GARDEN.**

£2,500. INSPECTED AND RECOMMENDED

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(3 lines.)

ON A GOLF COURSE.

SURREY—BERKS BORDERS



MODERN, CHARACTER HOUSE.—Hall, 3 good reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, excellent offices. Main water, gas; electric light. Central heating. **GARAGE.** Old forest trees, lawns, kitchen garden, flower beds, stream, lake. **5 ACRES.**

FOR SALE FREEHOLD OR TO LET UNFURNISHED.
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£3,000

TO LOVERS OF AN
OLD-WORLD HOUSE

in a
BEAUTIFUL GARDEN,
NEAR ASHDOWN FOREST GOLF COURSE,
and surrounded by
ASHDOWN FOREST

400ft. up. Extensive views. South aspect.

6 bedrooms (with basins, h. and c.), 2 bathrooms, drawing room (30ft. by 11ft. 6in.), dining room, cloak room, kitchen, "Aga" stove, maids' room, etc.

Main water. Central heating. Electric light.

2 ACRES.

Garden, Orchard, Flowers, Borders, etc.

FREEHOLD.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.1.

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SEA AND MOORLAND VIEWS.



SOMERSET.—Hunting with Minehead, Devon, Somerset Staghouls. To LET, very well FURNISHED RESIDENCE. Lounge, oak-paneled drawing room, dining room, sun lounge, 8 bedrooms (h. and c. water), games room, 4 bathrooms. Central heating: main water and electricity. Garage for 2. Stabling; chauffeur's accommodation. **4 ACRES**

with Tennis Lawn, Gardens, Paddocks.
TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.1.

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SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES
SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: **REGENT 2481.**



BUCKS. 30 miles London

In a quiet and secluded position. Within 5 minutes' walk of main line station with trains to Paddington in 1 hour. Charming HOUSE in perfect order; equipped with oak parquet floors, central heating throughout, "Esse" cooker and "Permutit" water softener. 3 reception rooms, sun lounge, 7 bedrooms (basins h. and c.), 2 bathrooms, maids' sitting room; all main services, including electric light; double Garage. **THE GARDENS ARE A GREAT FEATURE:** yew hedges, lily pond, rose garden, tennis court, lawns and fruit trees.

1½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £3,600.

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WEST GLOUCESTERSHIRE (7 miles north of Bristol).—Exceptional value for £2,850. Charming OLD COUNTRY HOUSE, with lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, and bathroom; partial central heating, main electric light and power. Co.'s water; entrance lodge; cottage; garage and stabling; tennis court; attractive and well-timbered gardens, orchard, coppice and paddock.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO BUY AT THE RIGHT PRICE.

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FOR RESIDENTIAL, COMMERCIAL OR OTHER PURPOSES.

SURREY (in a safe area, 700ft. up, adjoining Golf Course).—Fine MODERN HOUSE with lounge, billiards room, 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Oak panelling, parquet floors; central heating. Cottage. Garage for several cars.

Terraced Gardens; hard tennis court, orchard nearly

4 ACRES.

BARGAIN PRICE OR WOULD LET.

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S. OF ASHDOWN FOREST

SUSSEX (14 miles from Eastbourne).—A well-built MODERN RESIDENCE, secluded but not isolated, high up, South aspect, fine views. 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating, main electricity and drainage.

Garage for 2. Tennis court. Kitchen garden. Ponds, natural woodland.

3½ ACRES.

£2,550.

or would LET, UNFURNISHED, at £150 p.a.

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LONDON.

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SHERBORNE.
SOUTHAMPTON.

SALISBURY (3 miles).—To be SOLD, Genuine QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE, with attractive Gardens. 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, etc. 2 Cottages. 6 Acres. Main services. Apply: Messrs. RAWLENCE & SQUAREY, SALISBURY.

CHANNEL ISLANDS, Etc.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

JERSEY (in quiet sheltered bay; 4 miles from town).—A 12-ROOM BUNGALOW and 5-room cottage, on 2-acre site, on coast; all modern conveniences. For SALE Freehold.—WOODHAM SMITH & BORRADAILE, 5, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

TO BE LET.

A.R.P.—GEORGIAN HOUSE in Edenbridge district (25 miles from London). 9 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, 3 bathrooms; safe shelter in semi-basement, formerly the kitchens, now replaced by modern kitchen on next floor. Good Gardens. Cottage, farm buildings and 21 Acres.—Apply, JAMES GIBSON, Land Agent, The Paddocks, Penshurst, Kent. (Tel.: Penshurst 344.)

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THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.

Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

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(Est. 1884.) **EXETER.**

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17, Above Bar, Southampton. **WALLER & KING, F.A.I.**
Business Established over 100 years.

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"Submit, London."

SUSSEX

A GENUINE PERIOD HOUSE IN FAULTLESS ORDER THROUGHOUT

EASY DAILY REACH.

CONVENIENT TO THE COAST.



A Beautifully-fitted House with panelled reception rooms, oak floors, lavatory basins in bedrooms, and all other modern conveniences.
LOUNGE HALL, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, 11 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS, MODERN DOMESTIC OFFICES
Co.'s electric light and power. Central heating. Independent hot water supply.

GARAGE 2 CARS.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

Beautifully-timbered undulating Grounds with paved walks, rose garden, hard tennis court and pastureland (producing £40 p.a.) in all about

48 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,442.)

FOR A SCHOOL OR INSTITUTION (7 miles from Reading and 45 miles from London). Famous old MANSION, situated 350ft. above sea level and containing suites of stately reception rooms, 30 to 40 bedrooms and complete offices. Garages, stabling and cottages. The house, grounds and stabling are all for sale or to let at a reasonable figure, and Land extending to over 400 Acres can be had if required.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.
(16,289.)

OLD WILTSHIRE STONE HOUSE, situated well back from the road, modernised and in excellent order. 3 reception rooms, loggia, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light; central heating. Model home farm; separate range of farmbuildings and farmhouse.

2 cottages.

254 ACRES.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.
(15,446.)

DORKING AND REIGATE (6 miles south of both towns). A brick-and-timber-built HOUSE, approached by a long entrance drive. Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, gentleman's cloakroom, garden hall, oak floors, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity and water. Cottage. Outbuildings and garage for 2 cars. Grounds with tennis court, kitchen garden and paddock of pasture. To Let Unfurnished for 3 years, or furnished for a reasonable period.

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TWO FASCINATING TUDOR HOUSES AMIDST TYPICALLY ENGLISH COUNTRY

YEOMAN FARMHOUSE IN OLD-WORLD ESSEX



Completely restored and modernised.
Oak beams and original fireplaces. 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main water connected and electricity available. Central heating. Garage. Small garden, orchard and grassland.

About 6 ACRES
Price under £2,000
(would let at £90 p.a. inclusive).

BERKSHIRE MILL HOUSE OF GREAT CHARM

Grounds intersected by Trout Stream. Completely restored at great cost. Beautiful period interior. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Garage. Mill pool and island. Gardens and fine trees. Just over 2 ACRES
FREEHOLD ONLY £3,600
(Might Let Unfurnished).



Both of these really unique properties are very highly recommended by Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

WITH OR WITHOUT FURNITURE.
OLD TIMBERED COTTAGE (between Battle and Rye, Sussex), recently carefully restored and modernised. Old oak beams. Lounge, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Main electricity. Small garden. Bus services. Will appeal to country lovers requiring unusually attractive retreat. Price £875 with furniture suiting character of house (might sell house alone).—Apply: JOHN BRAY & SONS, 27, Grand Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

FURNISHED HOUSES TO LET

THE WHITE COTTAGE SEAVILLE DRIVE, PEVENSEY BAY, SUSSEX

LOVELY NEWLY-FURNISHED HOUSE
SITUATED ON THE BEACH.

4 double bedrooms, charming lounge, dining room, large kitchen (with "Ideal" boiler and refrigerator).

Electric light. Gas cooker. Main drainage.

SUNROOF GARDEN. GARAGE.

VERY REASONABLE TERMS UPON APPLICATION.
Can be viewed any time by appointment.

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HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO.,
(ESTABLISHED 1809.) **MARKET HARBOUROUGH.**
LAND AND HOUSE AGENTS

TO BE LET.

Between NOTTINGHAM & GRANTHAM
in the Belvoir Country.



MODERATE-SIZED COUNTRY HOUSE
with 21 ACRES. Entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Good stabling. Garage accommodation and Bungalow. Shooting over 2,000 Acres can be let in addition, if desired.

For further particulars, apply: Messrs.
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BRUTON, KNOWLES & CO.

ESTATE AGENTS.
SURVEYORS AND AUCTIONEERS.
ALBION CHAMBERS, KING STREET,
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IN THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY.—To be Let Unfurnished, or Sold. Attractive, well-built RESIDENCE in own grounds, facing S. and W. 3 reception, 4 principal bedrooms, nursery, 4 maids' bedrooms, small billiard room, etc. Electricity and gas; partial central heating. Large garden. Double Garage. PRICE £1,575. Rent: £79 per annum, tenant paying rates.
Particulars of BRUTON, KNOWLES & Co., Estate Agents, Gloucester. (S.8.)

GLOS. (Station 3 miles; on 'bus route).—To be Let Unfurnished, or Sold. COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in pretty country, about 8 miles from Gloucester. 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. Stabling; garage; small Cottage; about 12 Acres. Color-gas lighting throughout. Good water supply. PRICE £3,000. Rent: £100 p.a. (or near offer). Further land available.
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PRICE £1,350.

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A FEW MILES FROM HAYWARDS HEATH

SUPERB POSITION OF GREAT NATURAL BEAUTY.
MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED GROUNDS.
Countless specimen trees planted under the supervision of Kew Garden Authorities nearly a century ago.



CHARMING RED-BRICK HOUSE OF GEORGIAN DESIGN

Built on the site of an old House, part of the old main walls being utilised.
11 BEDROOMS, 4 BATHROOMS, 3 RECEPTION ROOMS, PLAYROOM.
Electric light. Main water. Central heating.
13 Delightful SUSSEX COTTAGES and Picturesque HOME FARMHOUSE.
ABOUT 200 ACRES GOOD RENT ROLL
FREEHOLD FOR SALE. Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY TO
ACQUIRE A VERY
EXCEPTIONAL PROPERTY
UNDER 30 MILES WEST OF
LONDON

PERFECTLY SAFE AREA.
10 minutes from Station with frequent
electric trains to London.

Superbly Appointed MODERN HOUSE

Thousands of pounds recently spent
and now in first-class order throughout.
Large hall, 3 very fine reception rooms,
8 bedrooms, dressing room, 4 bath-
rooms. Very extensive cellars.

All main services. Radiators throughout.

2 GARAGES. 3 COTTAGES.

WELL-TIMBERED
GROUNDS.
8 ACRES

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

For PRIVATE RESIDENCE or A.R.P.

For SALE (substantial mortgage if
required) or to be LET FURNISHED
or UNFURNISHED.

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Mount Street, W.1.

LOVELY OLD QUEEN ANNE MANOR IN SUFFOLK



A PLACE OF GREAT CHARM AND CHARACTER

Owner's Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

VERY FINE ESTATE OF

200 ACRES

(Income: £175 from Farm.)

IN PERFECT ORDER.

Period decorations.

3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms,
4 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central heating.

Stabling. Garages. 3 Cottages.

DELIGHTFUL OLD GARDENS.

FOR SALE as a whole or with

20 ACRES

JACOBAN HOUSE IN WILTS

One Mile Trout Fishing.



TO LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

14 bedrooms, 5 baths, 4 reception.

Stabling; Garages; Cottages. Lovely Gardens and
Park.

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

NEAR BRISTOL. IN THE BEST RESIDENTIAL DISTRICT—HIGH UP OVERLOOKING CLIFTON DOWNS

BEAUTIFULLY-APPOINTED STONE-BUILT MODERN HOUSE

IN PERFECT ORDER WITH EVERY UP-TO-DATE CONVENIENCE; PASSENGER LIFT; CONSTANT HOT WATER.

ALL MAIN SERVICES; CHOICE FIREPLACES.

6 BEDROOMS.

2 BATHROOMS.

3 VERY FINE RECEPTION ROOMS.

STAFF SITTING ROOM.

GARAGE FOR 4 CARS.

CHAUFFEUR'S ROOM.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS OF ABOUT AN ACRE.

Recently the subject of enormous expenditure.

A LOW PRICE WILL BE ACCEPTED FOR QUICK SALE

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COUNTRY PROPERTIES. TOWN HOUSES AND FLATS. INVESTMENTS.
2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1 (And at Shrewsbury)

HOLMBURY ST. MARY, NEAR DORKING

IDEAL SITUATION

PERFECTLY EQUIPPED

TROUT LAKE IN GROUNDS



*An original House designed by Mr.
Oliver Hill, F.R.I.B.A., in grounds
by Miss Gertrude Jekyll.*

BEAUTIFUL LOUNGE,
DINING ROOM, AND STUDY,
6 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS.

LARGE GARAGE

COMPANIES' SERVICES
CENTRAL HEATING

EXQUISITE GARDENS
AND WOODLAND

10 ACRES. FOR SALE



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Telephone No. :
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BY ORDER OF EXECUTORS.

SEAFORD, SUSSEX—near the Sea THIS EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT RESIDENCE

occupying an open position to the South,
and standing in the midst of most

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS
AND GROUNDS
OF NEARLY 4 ACRES.

FINE HALL AND LANDING MOST
SUITABLE FOR A PICTURE GALLERY

Library, delightful sitting room with bow
window, dining room, 7 good bedrooms,
3 bathrooms and the usual domestic
offices.



INVENTORY AVAILABLE TO AN INTERESTED PURCHASER.

Price and full particulars on application to the Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (Folio 32,645.)

The fittings and appointments are of
EXCEEDINGLY GOOD
WORKMANSHIP.

PANEL HEATING.
MAIN DRAINAGE.
ELECTRIC LIGHT.
COMPANY'S WATER.

GARAGE AND
CHAUFFEUR'S COTTAGE ATTACHED
TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD
together with practically the whole of the
VALUABLE FURNITURE
(DESIGNED FOR THE HOUSE)
AND EFFECTS.

OWNER OF LARGE ESTATE IN HAMPSHIRE

wishes to purchase an agricultural property as an investment, preferably in Hampshire or
adjoining counties of about 1,000 acres or thereby of good land let to sound tenants.

Would buy a property with a house on it if necessary.

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JUST IN THE MARKET.

IN THE BEAUTIFUL GODALMING DISTRICT

Only 32 miles from Town, and served by fast electric trains from Waterloo.

A BEAUTIFUL AND UNIQUE REPLICA OF A TUDOR MANOR HOUSE BUILT BY LUTYENS
standing in Gardens laid out by Miss Jekyll.



THE SOUTH FRONT.

330ft. up on green sand, with
enchanting views of wooded hills
and dales. Carriage drive and
quadrangle.

Wide corridor hall, 4 reception
Studio or music room, 12 bedrooms,
3 bathrooms, ample domestic offices.

Central heating.
Co.'s water and electric light.

STABLING. GARAGE.

4 COTTAGES.

Paddock, Woodlands, etc.



VIEW FROM HOUSE.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 35 ACRES

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FOR SALE AT A MOST REASONABLE PRICE

OWING TO OWNER RETURNING ABROAD.

ON THE CONFINES OF SAVERNAKE FOREST

GEORGIAN HOUSE

standing in a beautifully timbered Park
and containing:

12 BEDROOMS.
4 BATHROOMS.
LOUNGE HALL
and
3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

Central heating.
New septic tank drainage.
Electric light.
Good water supply.



TELEPHONE.

LODGE AND SEVERAL COTTAGES.

SPLENDID HOME FARM.

of about 400 ACRES, etc., LET at £383.
per annum, leaving the House and about
31 Acres in hand, and some cottages

Total area about
455 ACRES

GOOD ROUGH SHOOTING, HUNTING,
AND CONVENIENT FOR GOLF AND
FISHING.

Inspected and strongly recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (61,821.)

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ERNEST FOX, F.S.I., F.A.I.
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One of the most famous Beauty Spots in the County, with its renowned historical interests and beautiful scenery of the Purbecks.

Excellent views from all the principal rooms.

An extremely well-fitted newly erected

SMALL RESIDENCE

containing:

5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge, morning room, kitchen, secondary staircase, good cupboards.

Electricity laid from the Grid. Septic tank drainage.

GARDEN OF ABOUT ONE ACRE

PRICE £3,000 FREEHOLD

Recommended by FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth, from whom particulars can be obtained.

ONE OF THE MOST UP-TO-DATE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES IN**WILTSHIRE**

Standing about 500ft. above sea level, adjoining one of the prettiest Villages in the County.

Hunting with 3 Packs. Good Hacking in immediate neighbourhood.

A COUNTRY SEAT OF RENOWN

upon which a large sum of money has been lavished to bring it up to modern day requirements.

9 principal bed and dressing rooms (all with basins h. and c.), 4 expensively fitted bathrooms, servants' bedrooms and bathrooms, fine suite of reception rooms, magnificent winter garden, servants' hall, excellent domestic offices.

Company's electric light.

STABLING AND GARAGES.

2 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED PARK.

Delightful gardens, hard tennis court, excellent kitchen garden; the whole extending to an area of about

50 ACRES

For particulars apply: FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

SOMERSET

Commanding some of the finest panoramic views in the County.

In an excellent Sporting and Residential district.

A CHOICE SMALL

FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

with attractive STONE-BUILT HOUSE

containing:

6 principal bedrooms (all with basins h. and c., and one having bath), 3 servants' rooms, 2 bathrooms, large room suitable for playroom or gymnasium, 4 other rooms, music room, servants' hall, butler's bedroom, complete domestic rooms.

GOOD STABLING AND GARAGES.

2 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.

Electric lighting plant. Company's water.

Radiators in all principal bedrooms and reception rooms.

Beautiful Gardens and Grounds, herbaceous borders, hard tennis court, kitchen garden, excellent pasture lands, in all about

35 ACRES

Detailed particulars may be obtained of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

ONE OF THE CHEAPEST HOUSES OF ITS KIND**ON THE SOUTH COAST**

Only 2 minutes' walk from the Sea, and close to Golf Course.

4 bedrooms, boxroom, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, kitchen and offices.

GARAGE.

All main services.

DELIGHTFUL GARDEN.

PRICE FOR AN IMMEDIATE SALE ONLY

£1,475 FREEHOLD

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£950

will secure an extraordinarily attractive

SMALL FREEHOLD HOUSE

in a quiet situation and possibly one of the safest areas in the South of England.

Within easy reach of Bournemouth and the New Forest.

Close to Station and Golf Course.

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All main services.

SHOULD BE INSPECTED IMMEDIATELY.

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DORSET

Under 2 miles from the Market Town of Gillingham.

GOOD HUNTING. SHOOTING. FISHING.

Occupying a magnificent position, enjoying absolute seclusion and commanding beautiful views.

Seated amidst a beautiful miniature Park and guarded by capital Entrance Lodge.

SUBSTANTIAL

STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

containing:

12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, complete domestic offices.

"Aga" Cooker.

STABLING AND GARAGES.

3 WELL-BUILT COTTAGES.

Tastefully and economically planned Gardens and Grounds, with well-grown forest trees, lawns, flower gardens, 2 tennis lawns, walled fruit and kitchen gardens, rich pasture land, the whole comprising an area of about

50 ACRES

THE RESIDENCE AND ABOUT 5 ACRES ONLY would be sold if desired.

Particulars may be obtained of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

NEW FOREST

In a secluded position in a very favourite part of this beautiful district. Delightful open views.

A CHOICE SMALL

FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

constructed of brick and timber and fitted at considerable expense by the present owner with every modern convenience and comfort.

4 bedrooms (each having basins h. and c.), 2 bathrooms, 2 sitting rooms, good kitchen and offices.

GARAGE.

WORKSHOP.

Company's electric light, gas and main water.

Central Heating throughout.

WELL STOCKED GARDEN.

Small Paddock, etc., about

ONE ACRE IN ALL

PRICE £2,800 FREEHOLD

FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

DORSET

Close to a popular 18-hole Golf Course and only 5 miles from Bournemouth.

A delightful FREEHOLD PROPERTY

situated in a convenient position and including a comfortable HOUSE containing:

7 bedrooms, dressing room, 2 bathrooms, playroom, 4 reception rooms, kitchen and offices.

Stabling. Garages. *Company's gas, water and electricity.*

Particularly charming Grounds containing a large number of rare and valuable trees and shrubs, lawns, herbaceous borders, rose garden and pergolas, prolific well stocked kitchen gardens; the whole extending to an area of about

4 ACRES

Price and all particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

SOUTHBOURNE-ON-SEA, BOURNEMOUTH

Close to the Sea, Churches and Shops.

A SUNNY HOUSE

offering exceptionally fine value.

4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, breakfast room, kitchenette, coal and wood store.

SUMMER HOUSE.

BRICK GARAGE.

All main services.

DELIGHTFUL GARDEN.

PRICE ONLY £1,400

Freehold with Immediate Possession

Particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

SITUATED IN ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL PARTS OF THE**NEW FOREST**

Just off the main road from Bournemouth to Southampton.

A CHARMING

FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

containing:

10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, complete domestic offices.

2 COTTAGES.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

Electric lighting plant. Central heating.

CHARMING GROUNDS OF ABOUT

20 ACRES

This Property forms an ideal retreat, secluded but not isolated, and enjoys remarkably fine views.

PRICE £7,000 FREEHOLD

Particulars may be obtained of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

DORSET

Situated about 1/2 mile from the interesting old-world village of Corfe Castle. 5 miles from Wareham; 5 miles from Swanage.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN

STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

in excellent condition throughout.

5 principal bedrooms (3 fitted basins h. and c.), servants' bedroom, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, servants' sitting room, kitchen and good offices.

Main electric light and water.

Central Heating throughout.

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS

include lily pond and orchard, and extend to an area of about

ONE ACRE

PRICE 4,000 GNS. FREEHOLD

Particulars of FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

DORSET

In delightful Country, a short distance from Blandford.

AN OLD WORLD

THATCHED COTTAGE RESIDENCE

with oak beams, stone floors and open fireplaces, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 sitting rooms, kitchen.

Electric lighting plant.

All modern conveniences.

GARAGE.

SMALL GARDEN.

PRICE £830 FREEHOLD

FOX & SONS, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

FOX & SONS, HEAD OFFICE, 44-50, OLD CHRISTCHURCH ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH (11 BRANCH OFFICES)

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HARRODS

OFFICES

Phone: Ken. 1490.
Grams: "Estate
Harrods, London."

KNIGHTSBRIDGE HOUSE,
62/64, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

West Byfleet
and Haslemere.
Riviera Offices.

FINEST SITUATION ON THE RIVER EXE

Uninterrupted views over the Estuary to Starcross, Dawlish and Holden Hills.

C.13



A WELL PLANNED RESIDENCE

on rising ground facing full South, every room a sun-trap, and much above the average size. Lounge hall, 3 reception, sun parlour, 5 bed (3 with basins), 2 bath. Oak parquet and pine block floors. Co.'s electric light and power; well water with electric pump; good drainage. Cottage and 2 Garages.

ABOUT 8 ACRES

Fine Gardens and Pleasure Grounds (a special feature), kitchen gardens, prolific orchard, first class grassland.

ONLY JUST ON THE MARKET AT REASONABLE PRICE. (Or Auction later)

Sole Agents: HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 803.)

KNOCKHOLT AND SEVENOAKS

c.2.

In unspoilt Country, high up in the Hills away from all traffic, yet convenient to main line stations with ready access to the City and West End.



A LOVELY QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

with a most pleasing prospect over the countryside. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 10 bed, 2 bath, maids' sitting room.

Main Water and Electricity. Central Heating. Garage 4. Stabling 7. Fine old Barn. Brick-built squash court. Bungalow and Cottage with bathroom.

Old-world Gardens, hard tennis court, woodland and paddocks.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 15 OR 36 ACRES. (Or would be Let Unfurnished)

Recommended by HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

3 miles Main Line Station. 12 miles Southampton. Close to a Village.

NEW FOREST

c.4.



IDEAL FOR A.R.P. PURPOSES.

EXTREMELY WELL-KEPT AND APPOINTED RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 5 reception, 20 bed and dressing, 4 bath, offices. Electric Light. Central Heating, etc. Ample Garage accommodation. 2 first-rate Cottages.

CHARMING BUT INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS, beautifully timbered, hard and grass tennis courts, swimming pool, well stocked kitchen garden.

ABOUT 17 ACRES

FOR SALE ON REASONABLE TERMS, OR MIGHT BE LET UNFURNISHED.

HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 806.)

BEDS AND BUCKS BORDERS c.5.
FINE OLD TUDOR HOUSE

in Grey stone, commanding views over unspoilt parkland. 4 reception, 11 bed, 3 bathrooms, cloakroom, gun room, offices, etc.

Co.'s services. Excellent water supply, etc.

Stabling for 9. Garages. 2 Cottages.

Walled garden, tennis court, lawns, etc.

ABOUT 7 ACRES

Available Unfurnished for 3 years, or fresh lease could probably be arranged.

LOW RENT ASKED

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KENNELS AVAILABLE.

ASCOT DISTRICT c.5.

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET ON LEASE.
COTTAGE-STYLE RESIDENCE

2 reception, 4 bed, bathroom.

All companies' services.

Brick-built kennels with electric light, etc., laid on.

ABOUT 6 ACRES OF LAND (all wired in)

LONG FRONTAGE TO IMPORTANT ROAD.

HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

(Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 816.)

ST. ALBANS DISTRICT c.2

In a rural situation, standing high yet within 1½ miles of Main Line Station.



INTERESTING OLD-WORLD HOUSE

restored and modernised.

2 reception, 4 bed, bathroom, maids' sitting room.

All main services. 2 Garages.

Delightful Gardens and Grounds of about 1 ACRE.

FOR SALE OR LETTING UNFURNISHED

HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 809.)

WILTSHIRE c.5.

XVIIth CENTURY COUNTRY HOME

with recent additions. Reconditioned and in excellent order.

Trowbridge, Warminster and Frome within easy reach.

4 reception, 5 bed, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, offices.

Central heating. Co.'s water and electric light.

Modern drainage. 2 Garages.

Wooded Grounds; walled kitchen garden; about

2½ ACRES. FREEHOLD £3,250

Recommended by HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 816.)

WESTERN GATEWAY OF DARTMOOR c.3

Glorious position about 800ft. above sea level, with far-reaching views embracing Moorland with Tors.

ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENCE

Lounge, dining room, sun room, 4 bedrooms, bathroom

Main services. Garage.

Delightful Gardens, tennis lawn, kitchen garden.

£1,600 FOR QUICK SALE

HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1. (Tele.: Kensington 1490. Extn. 807.)

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

RARE OPPORTUNITY FEW MILES GUILDFORD



**SURROUNDED BY ITS OWN WOODS.
FASCINATING LITTLE HOUSE**
In the Farmhouse Style.
Luxuriously fitted.
All main services.

26 ACRES. £2,950 FREEHOLD.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Tel.: Kens. 0855.)

HAMPSHIRE ONE HOUR LONDON



LOVELY OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE

All main services.

3 reception, 7 bedrooms (all fitted basins),
2 bathrooms, excellent offices. Garage.
Beautifully timbered old Gardens.
Hard tennis court.

4 ACRES. ONLY 3,000 GNS.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Tel.: Kens. 0855.)

SUSSEX HIGHLANDS MARVELLOUS OPPORTUNITY



FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE

Long drive approach with Lodge.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 9 bed (all fitted basins),
3 bathrooms, splendid offices; easily run.
Main electric light. Co.'s water. Central heating.
MAGNIFICENTLY TIMBERED PARK.

14 ACRES. ONLY £4,400.

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'Phone: 2992.

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Head Office:
LLOYDS BANK CHAMBERS,
HIGH STREET.

Chartered Surveyors.

TUNSGATE, GUILDFORD

Land & Estate Agents.

By Direction of the Owner, on Active Service.

A CHARACTER HOUSE OF MEDIUM SIZE



In safe area yet within 40 minutes Waterloo.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
13 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS.
4 BATHROOMS.
EXCELLENT OFFICES.

All modern appointments and services.

12 ACRES

AVAILABLE FOR DURATION OF
WAR.

**TO BE LET FURNISHED OR
UNFURNISHED**

Full particulars from Sole Agents:
MESSINGER & MORGAN, Guildford.

MESSRS

MESSINGER & MORGAN

beg to state that although their Staff has
been depleted by the absence of several
members on Active Service their

ESTATE MANAGEMENT DEPARTMENT

and the Department dealing with the

**SALE AND LETTING OF THE LARGER
TYPE OF COUNTRY HOUSES**

In Surrey and the surrounding Counties will
continue to practice as hitherto, and Clients
are assured of an efficient service.

ALDWICK, NEAR BOGNOR REGIS



WELL-FURNISHED MODERN DETACHED HOUSE

2 reception, 4 bedrooms (interior sprung mattresses),
electric fires, kitchen and scullery, bath (h. and c.,
separate lavatory). Big Garage. Electric light.
Large gardens back and front. Middle October to
end of February.

Wireless. Telephone.

PLATE INCLUDED. EVERY HOME COMFORT.
OUT OF THE DANGER ZONE.

Terms on Application.

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('Phone: Gerrard 4905.)

MESSRS. YOUNG & GILLING

(Established over a century)
LAND AND ESTATE AGENTS, CHELTENHAM.
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ILLUSTRATED REGISTER OF PROPERTIES IN
CHELTENHAM AND THE WESTERN COUNTIES WILL
BE SENT ON APPLICATION.



COTSWOLDS

In a very favourite part, on the outskirts of one of the
most beautiful small towns.

TO BE SOLD.—The above delightful OLD STONE-
BUILT AND TILED RESIDENCE with great historical
associations, with accommodation comprising: 4 reception
rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, kitchen offices. Main
electric light, water and drainage. Outbuildings, including
Stabling for 6, Garage, etc. Delightful old-world unspoilt
Gardens. Tennis court, orcharding and paddock; in all
some 6½ ACRES.

OAK-BEAMED FARMHOUSE

8 ROOMS. MOAT. MEADOW. ORCHARDS.
ABOUT 4 ACRES.
HERTS-ESSEX BORDERS.
BARGAIN £875.

OLD-WORLD FARMHOUSE

6 ROOMS. BAKEHOUSE, DUTCH OVEN, BREW-
HOUSE. STABLES, STOCKYARD AND BARN.
NUMEROUS OAK BEAMS.
ABOUT 16 ACRES.
£1,500.

JAMES, 10, ST. DUNSTON'S HILL, E.C.3.
(MAN. 6275).

INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED. SOUTH DEVON

Magnificent views over River Dart and English Channel
and standing in 10 ACRES of Grounds.

WELL-BUILT COUNTRY HOUSE

3-4 reception rooms, 7 principal and 5 secondary bedrooms,
2 bathrooms, excellent range of domestic offices. COTTAGE
of 6 rooms. Heated Greenhouses and Garage for 3 cars.
Central heating. Electricity. Excellent water supply.
WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS. Hard tennis court,
kitchen garden, attractive woodlands, lawns, terraces and
valuable road frontage.

VERY MODERATE PRICE.

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SUSSEX (HASTINGS AND RYE).

COUNTRY COTTAGE RESIDENCE.—Sunny
and compact with seclusion, yet not isolated. Few
mins. buses. 2 reception, 3 bed and bath. Main electricity.
Largely redecorated last year. Garage. Pleasant Garden
(greenhouse, etc.). Nearly ½ Acre. Auction at Hastings
in November, or Privately (asking price £1,250), by JOHN
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WYE VALLEY TO LET ST. BRIAVELS CASTLE (GLOS.)



SMALL MEDIAEVAL CASTLE—only 1½ Acres—
Inexpensive upkeep. Comprising: Front hall,
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RESIDENTIAL FLATS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY OFFERING REASONABLE SAFETY AND SERVICE

See page xvii (facing reading matter),

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(REGENT 4685)

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COURT RD., W.1
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NEAR SEVENOAKS

CLOSE TO WELL-KNOWN GOLF COURSE

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS. 500FT. UP.

DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD HOUSE
formerly an OLD INN, beautifully fitted, in perfect order, and having main electric light, water and central heating.

FOR SALE or LET Unfurnished (low rent).

3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

LARGE GARAGE. Chauffeur's room.

GOOD COTTAGE. LOVELY GARDENS.

2½ ACRES

Agents: MAPLE & CO., LTD., as above.



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For further particulars apply Advertisement Department, "Country Life," Tower House, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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ITS KILLING PROPERTIES HAVE
BEEN ENORMOUSLY IMPROVED

CORRY'S
FOR HARD
COURTS

MOSS REMOVER
GRAVEL DRIVES ETC ALSO KILLS WEEDS

CORRY & CO. LTD.
14 AD THAMES,
LONDON, S.E.1.

IN RED, BROWN, GREEN
OR GREY. EFFECTIVE FOR
ONE YEAR AT LEAST.

¼ cwt. 10/6, ½ cwt. 16/-, 1 cwt. 27/6, 3 cwt. at 25/- etc.
Use the economic Sprinklers, Only 4/- each.

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OF MUD Etc.**
from LAKES, PONDS,
RIVERS AND BROOKS
MARSHLANDS CONVERTED
BOMFORD & EVERSHED LTD
SALFORD PRIORS EYESHAM

Worms



—a danger to every dog, easily and safely overcome by Bob Martin worm medicines. Precautionary worming should be part of a dog's regular health routine (at least once in three months). The symptoms of infestation are "staring" coat, thinness, bad breath, variable appetite, "pot belly" in puppies, husky cough, and depraved appetite (eating coal, garbage, etc.). Bob Martin worm medicines are available in the form of Powders, Tablets and Capsules (two strengths).

BOB MARTIN'S WORM PREPARATIONS

IN CARTONS 6d.

DOG BOOK: Get a copy of Bob Martin's Dog Book from your usual supplier or direct from Bob Martin, Ltd. 77 B Union St., Southampton, Lanes., price 2d. The standard work on dog care.

SOLUTION to No. 510

The clues for this appeared in November 4th issue.

STEWARDSHIP S P
R I I A A S T E R
B A N N O C K B U R N I E
D D K O I N C A S
V E R S T A T T I C K E
A I H A D N G L E N
R C O D O C K S E T
I C H O R T T I B I A
E B N E G R O A A R
T R O D R D E N C M
Y R G R O P E D U K E S
S T O U R I L N W
H U A N T A G O N I S E D
O R G A N N O I R
W H D I S O R G A N I S E

ACROSS.

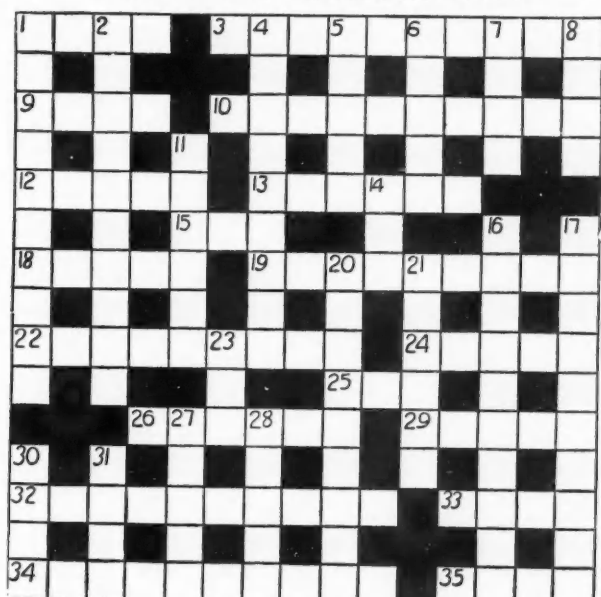
- 1 and 3. They pave the way to destruction (two words, 4, 10)
9. A garden that's a river in the north (4)
10. Goering's favourite ballet? (two words, 5, 5)
12. He is in a minority of twelve (5)
13. How Johnny walked before he came a header (6)
15. Knock backwards to get level (3)
18. Flinch (5)
19. Ships, of course, pass through it (two words, 4, 5)
22. A sapper sent to Westminster? Again? (10)
24. Resort that proclaims its individuality to a thousand (5)
25. Can the shepherd tell when it is back to front? (3)
26. Hers were, so to speak, servant troubles (6)
29. Cruel way of making money (5)
32. "Port course" (anagr.) (10)
33. A Rowland for an Oliver, and a rise for both (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 511

A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 511, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, Nov. 16th, 1939.**

The winner of Crossword No. 509 is
R. P. Eccles, Esq., 79, Davies St., W.1.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 511



34 and 35. It would have a chilly journey before reaching the Primate's table (two words 10, 4).

DOWN.

1. The lawn seems to be turning to vegetables (10)
2. What a palmer might be expected to be? (10)
4. But its sales are old-established (9)
5. "It is the very — of the moon. She makes men mad." —Shakespeare (5)
6. Wave that, happily, is not permanent (5)
7. What the landlord admits he does (4)
8. Take off for shelter (4)
11. Does he claim to be the father of electricity? (6)
14. How the Cockney pronounces 33 (3)
16. Southdown region? (10)
17. Not the same as an alpenstock (two words, 6, 4)
20. In spite of a gallant one, her attempt was not successful (9)
21. They get the hump permanently (6)
23. Mine would make it crimson (3)
27. Help from Adelaide (5)
28. Is its rule off-hand? (5)
30. What Polonius meant by "poem unlimited"? (4)
31. Anagram of 7 (4).

Name.....

Address.....



Premier ESSE
with Auxiliary Oven
and Back Panel.
Standard finish—cream-
colour porcelain enamel.

For COMPLETE INDEPENDENCE

instal an ESSE Heat Storage Cooker
COMPLETELY INDEPENDENT OF
PUBLIC POWER SUPPLY SERVICES
50% LESS FUEL REQUIRED
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES and
GIVES CONTINUOUS SERVICE

ESSE Cookers are continuous burning, using anthracite or coke, and provide a safe and uninterrupted cooking service. Running costs are the lowest known considering the flexibility to meet sudden cooking demands. Details of favourable hire purchase terms, with catalogues illustrating models for every household, sent on request.



Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854

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11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4

LIVERPOOL: - - 20 Canning Place.
EDINBURGH: - - 17 Greenside Place.
GLASGOW: - - 11 Dixon Street, C.I.

**ORDERS FOR ESSE COOKERS CONTINUE
UNABATED — PROOF POSITIVE OF THEIR
UNIQUE IMPORTANCE IN WARTIME**

D.C.C. 2.

*In your own Home—
A real electric*

LIFT

INSTALLATION

The Home Lift can be installed in 4 days, including the small amount of builder's work.

RUNNING COSTS

Average power consumption is 500 watts and the car takes about $\frac{1}{4}$ minute to travel from one floor to the next, so that each trip costs a fraction of a farthing.

SAFETY FACTOR

Contains all the safety devices of a high-grade passenger lift. Car stops immediately on meeting the slightest obstruction when descending. Lifting capacity is ample for 2 adults.



* **PHOTOGRAPH** Shows a Home Lift recently installed at Clacton-on-Sea. The owner writes: —
"Lift working well; we are very pleased with it."

Send for leaflet giving full particulars, illustrations and prices.

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HASKINS WORKS, WALTHAMSTOW, LONDON, E.17
TELEPHONE: LARKSWOOD 1071

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By H. J. MASSINGHAM

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THOMAS HENNELL

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Tools and implements that have been replaced by machinery, and the part they played in the old life of the countryside, with chapters on thatching, quarrying, walling, lace-making, basket-making, farming, and cottage life in general. A detailed account of the day to day activities of the English peasantry and a valuable record of a rural culture that has almost disappeared. More than sixty drawings by THOMAS HENNELL, A.R.W.S., the author and illustrator of *Change in the Farm*.

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LXXXVI.—No. 2234.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11th, 1939.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.
POSTAGES: INLAND 1½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 3d.]



Madame Yevonde

28, Berkeley Square, W.

MRS. JOHN CHRISTIAN

The marriage took place lately at Chelsea Old Church of Miss Bridget Smiley, daughter of the late Captain Hubert Smiley and Mrs. Denton Carlisle, and Mr. John Christian, 60th Rifles, son of the late Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Christian, and nephew of Viscount Monsell.

COUNTRY LIFE

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BUILDING FOR EVACUATION

IT is true, as Mr. Elliot has remarked, that the September exodus represented the moving of ten armies each as big as the whole British Expeditionary Force—a million and a half women and children. He corrected some of the rumours that are published by stating that the numbers who have since gone home are 50 per cent. of the mothers—i.e., some 270,000—and 22 per cent. of the children, some 165,000, and went on to say that the experiment had so far succeeded that hosts and guests were settling down to the extent that further moving of evacuated children was being objected to by their foster-parents. Naturally the Minister, whose department is responsible for this tremendous and—let us give him the credit—on the whole, successful experiment gives a reassuring account of it. But there is no denying that very different opinions come from other quarters. Mr. Elliot gave £100,000,000 as the probable cost of building camps to receive the evacuees. A very much lower figure has been put forward from another source, and the question remains whether, in the long view, a building programme would not be in the national interest.

We pointed out last week that it was the duty of the Government to do everything possible to save the building industries from collapse and disintegration. At the moment local authorities, whether in the reception areas or elsewhere, are sternly forbidden by the Ministry of Health to do anything in the matter. The Government's policy, at present, is to cut down rigidly the borrowing and spending powers which local authorities have acquired for building purposes under the Housing and other kindred Acts. Another method of approach is therefore needed. It may possibly be found in a programme of construction for reception areas on the lines recently suggested by the Evacuation Committee of the Association of Architects, Surveyors and Technical Assistants. The Committee is composed of architects and town-planners who have worked in consultation with teachers and doctors, and it seems clear from their Report that they have made a thorough examination of conditions now prevailing in the reception areas to which evacuees have been sent under the Government evacuation scheme. The gist of the Report is that not only

do the reception authorities require further billeting powers, but they also require power to control all suitable buildings in their areas, and, if their job is to be done properly, they must have both power and money to erect new buildings to supplement those that already exist.

The Committee think that the evacuation scheme has, in many ways, been proved a failure. But they wisely take the view that it can and must now be made a success. Bearing in mind that preparations are being made for a three years' war, this implies the immediate adoption of a seriously constructive plan. Further evacuation from the dangerous areas after the first air raids that occur, must be expected and prepared for. The Committee recommend that every effort should be made to evacuate more people at once. Accommodation, they say, already exists for these people, owing to the fact that only half the number for which the Government provided evacuation facilities actually took advantage of them. They rather questionably advocate redistribution of those already in the reception areas, in order that other additional refugees may be brought in and found suitable accommodation and suitable care. The key to the success of evacuation, so far as all schoolchildren are concerned, is the provision of facilities for full education. At present, however, the education of both local and evacuated children is, in many areas, hopelessly dislocated. It can only be put right, in the opinion of the Committee, by taking over halls and big houses as a first resort. In some areas these do not exist, and the balance must be made up by building new schools for those who remain in billets and camp schools for others. For young children who are not accompanied by their mothers they would build residential nursery schools, and in some areas it would be necessary to build—they suggest—hostels and social centres.

One very strong recommendation attaches to these schemes. The educational buildings and halls of assembly would be of permanent value to the population among which they were built, and when, after the war is over, the population has returned to something like its normal distribution, they would supply those teaching and health facilities and those "centres of civic life" which are at present conspicuous by their absence in many parts of the country. The Committee do not in their Report go into financial detail with regard to the cost of the building programme which they envisage. They do, however, point out that the cost to the Government in weekly payments merely for billeting a mother and her child will amount to more than £60, if the war lasts for the expected three years. Little more than this sum would, it is contended, serve to accommodate them in an entirely new building. The Committee's calculation is that, if every mother with children under five was evacuated, as the Government have proposed, the cost of this item of national expenditure would amount to about £35,000,000 during the three years. That sum they consider to be at least half the capital cost of a complete building programme for the whole of the reception areas. It will probably be said that the Government already have such a programme in hand, and that all that is possible is being done by the Camps National Corporation. Apart from the fact that the Corporation have presented no report of their activities up to date, it is impossible not to sympathise with the Evacuation Committee's contention that the Government plan is on altogether too small a scale. Any successful plan of the nature suggested by the Committee must, of course, depend on the adoption of a system of building in pre-fabricated parts. Before it is objected that such a method is of little use to the building industry as a whole, it should be remembered that there are many areas where both labour and local materials can be obtained at a cost which would render the use of normal building methods economic.

"COUNTRY LIFE" ABROAD

As our readers are aware, restrictions have been imposed on the despatch by post of printed matter to certain neutral countries, and copies of "Country Life" cannot now be posted by private individuals to Italy, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Denmark, Switzerland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Sweden, Japan, China, Norway, Russia, the Baltic States, Spain, Bulgaria, Siam, Poland, Rumania, Turkey, Greece, and Portugal.

"Country Life," however, holds the special permit which is necessary for the despatch of copies to neutral countries. If, therefore, readers having friends in the countries named to whom they wish to send the paper will communicate with the Publisher of "Country Life" at this office, arrangements will at once be made to carry out their wishes. Copies can still be sent without permit to the Dominions, Colonies, France, the United States, South America, and to the serving Forces.

COUNTRY NOTES

THE date at the head of this page has been consecrated for twenty-one years to the memory of those who gave their lives to end war. At the eleventh hour it has been customary for us, who lived, to recall some of those young faces that we loved, men who might now have been our leaders and prophets; to recall the intense thankfulness for peace bought at such terrible sacrifice; to pray that we should be worthy of the trust devolved upon our generation. The twenty-second Armistice Day cannot but embitter those memories and hopes. Did they then all die in vain? Have we failed them in these twenty-one years that, for most of us, have been life's best and fullest—for many now in France the only years? That question cannot yet be answered. Twenty-one years have been too short a period for our conceptions of nationhood to undergo a change so profound as that in which we are now beginning to see the solution to the problem posed in 1918. A League of Nations preoccupied with their internal affairs has proved a costly illusion—the world is paying for it now. But the truth of the underlying idea is being brought home to us with all the greater force. When the day comes, that shall correspond to November 11th, 1918, ours will be the task so to shape the world into a federated union that those far-off memories, and those of a more poignant yesterday, shall be redeemed, at last, for always.

REQUISITIONED HORSES

REQUISITIONS, unless the impressing officers are armed with an infinite number of blank cheques and told that, if there is any trouble, authority will not support them, are always likely to be unpopular. In real life, estimates of the value of wives and horses and other goods and chattels vary with the identity of the owner. Jones would not have given what he did for that good-looking hunter had he not known that it was worth at least a hundred and twenty; and when he is offered a miserable sixty, only fifteen more than he paid for it, his judgment is naturally affronted. When the Government compels him to sell at that price and lose three-quarters of the undoubted profit that was coming to him, his indignation knows no bounds. Smith, on the other hand, always buys rubbish. That miserable-looking object for which he gave seventy-five pounds the other day was, as Jones has every reason to know, hardly worth a fiver. And yet he gets sixty for it! Such, we suspect, are the considerations underlying the popular dissatisfaction in horse-owning and horse-dealing circles with the War Office and its impressment officers. It is only a question as to whether one is horrified or "secretly" delighted by the alleged incompetence of the latter. Sir Ernest Makins, however, who raised the subject in the House of Commons, roundly accused the War Office of robbing owners of thoroughbreds, of horses which the military did not want and could not possibly use. This is a completely different matter, but it seems difficult to believe that departmental experts could be found either so ignorant or so pointlessly malicious as to perpetrate so gross an error.

IRRATIONING

TO the country-dweller the rationing scheme for butter is likely to be a considerable nuisance. Not that he is accustomed to devouring butter with a spoon, or, indeed, to consuming appreciably more than a townsman. But, unless Mr. Morrison's claws are effectively buttered before the middle of next month, Mrs. Higgs of Dewdrop Cottage will no longer be able to buy her half-pound from Mr. Perkins of Dewdrop Farm next door, who makes it. He will have to put all his produce in a butter pool from which Mrs. Higgs will eventually get her quarter-pound, together with what margarine she requires, *via* a grocer in the town. For Mrs. Bland, who makes and sells a few pounds of butter at a co-operative stall on market days, the prospect is more serious. Nobody can deal with her because, naturally, she cannot provide the statutory margarine. Presumably, if she can find him, the Butter Controller will buy it from

her, but it will be a business getting it to Whitehall or wherever he operates. In fact, though Mrs. Bland and innumerable other small producers are only too willing to help the country to produce more food, their efforts are likely to be negated, if not entirely discouraged, by the costly and cumbrous mechanism of ensuring that everybody has too little in case a few people have too much!

"HERE'S TO THEE, BACON!"

THAT famous line was addressed to an eminent tobacco-nist at Cambridge, but how fervently have many of us, meeting a divine odour on the way to breakfast, applied it in a wider sense! We have very little to complain of in the matter of rationing, apart from the anomalies on the butter front, but a lack of bacon must make us sad. Not only is it beautiful in itself, but it is the perfect complement to so many other beautiful things. Mr. Bertie Wooster talked familiarly of the "eggs and b," and no one ever doubted what he meant. Broad beans are not themselves without it; and liver by itself is a hollow mockery; kidneys are all the better for it, and who can think without a tear of chicken divorced from those delicious little rolls of bacon? There have been vegetarians who made an exception in favour of bacon, just as there are teetotallers who, by a legal fiction, regard port wine as suitable to Band of Hope parties. In a short time we shall have to save our bacon in a new and poignant sense, but even a little will be heaven as compared with none at all.

BRAMBLES, 1939

The sun burns golden still above the trees;
But in the shadows lurks a chilling breeze.
The children run with baskets in pursuit
To find the savage brambles' sweetest fruit.
The brambles hang across the hazel hedge,
Dangling, in rich profusion down the edge,
Clusters of rubies, glowing in the green,
With here and there a black berry between.
The children dart and gather as they go;
At last the foliage shows a crimson glow;
And now the children wonder and exclaim
To find a bush all laden with the same
Dark treasures from its tendrils in the trees,
To where it creeps in bracken round their knees.
Their burning fingers, careless to be torn,
Plunge here and there, oblivious of the thorn,
And gather up the cold delicious balls.
A berry now and then with plumpness falls.

Behind the parents follow, and discover
Black clusters that their children have passed over.
They breathe the softness of the evening air,
And silently this peacefulness compare
With apprehensions hidden in their hearts.
They pluck the fruit, and talk of blackberry tarts,
But cannot hold their thoughts from wandering far
To the barrenness of winter and the bitterness of war.
BRYAN GUINNESS.

THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER

THOSE who turn down off the Strand to visit that little oasis in which stands the Chapel of the Savoy will discover a number of unobtrusive improvements that have been taking place. And if they enter the chapel itself they will find what was a rather gloomy Victorian interior wonderfully changed for the better. These renovations have been effected in connection with the adaptation of the building as the chapel of the Royal Victorian Order, hitherto a body without a local habitation or a shrine. A service of inauguration was to have been held this autumn, but owing to the war has had to be deferred. Though too small a building to accommodate all the Knights, room has been found in it for sixteen Royal stalls, which now fill the south end. New altar plate has been given by the Royal Family, and a new altar frontal by the Order. The interior has been thoroughly cleaned and lightened, and the ceiling delightfully painted with the shields of sovereigns and members of the House of Savoy and the House of Lancaster. Externally, a better approach has been made by the formation of flights of steps leading down from the garden and a new entrance with a robing room from Savoy Hill.

A COUNTRYMAN LOOKS AT THE WAR

THE "NAGAZINES"—EDIBLE FUNGUS—FISH STUFFING—LAUGHTER IN IRELAND

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

ON the rare occasions that we gather together in the countryside these times conversation usually switches sooner or later on to the question of what to read. The long novel or the fat biography seem the popular choice, for the simple reason that they last longer, and are therefore welcome in times when we can make fewer visits to the lending library.

On the question of periodicals and daily papers, opinion seems to be divided as to whether there is too much war in them or too little. It would seem that there are some journals that are losing favour because they sound a continued note of detraction and maintain a daily policy of "nag"—the "nagazines" they might be called. To switch over suddenly from peace to war conditions must inevitably cause some friction and some blundering, but surely we are not all so dissatisfied as some journals suggest, nor is the blundering quite so universal. Nevertheless, they "let every feeble rumour shake their hearts" and persuade housewives to scream about the paucity of the butter ration long before anyone knows what the butter ration will be or if it will be rationed at all.

The results of this campaign must be unfortunate, not only with our people at home, but also with the enemy, and in neutral countries. Our own population is apt to become depressed and lacking in confidence, the enemy must be heartened and encouraged, and neutral countries, whom we desire to influence in our favour, must obtain an unhappy impression of conditions in Great Britain. The journals in question have a lot to say about keeping up of morale, profiteering, and trading with the enemy. Under which heading would they put an attempt to increase circulation by playing on the nerves of the people and encouraging the enemy?

A MOST useful and timely little book is "The Wild Foods of Britain," by Mr. Jason Hill, and it deals with nearly everything eatable in this country that may come under the heading of wild, from the common stinging nettle to the mussel, and the seaweed, dulse, so esteemed by the Irish, to the rabbit. The book contains detailed descriptions and illustrations of the various weeds that can be used as vegetables and salads, and there are receipts for the cooking of each one. If these wayside plants are as attractive on the dish as are their old Anglo-Saxon names one will have little fault to find with them. Those selected at random for their nomenclature are Sweet Cecily, Lady's Smock, Caragheen and Cloudberry, while the Herb Bennet has not only a distinguished name, but also the sterling quality of being able to turn, with the help of a piece of orange peel, grocer's white wine into French Vermouth. My hopes were raised when I came to Juniper, but, alas! Mr. Jason Hill throws no light on the process to be observed for making gin.

As the author points out, though we eat hundreds of tons of fungus every year, we confine ourselves to one species, the mushroom, and ignore everything else, although practically every toadstool is edible and many of them have a more delicate flavour than mushrooms. For instance, we learn that *Fistula hepatica*—an imposing name for the flattish, unpleasant-looking fungus that grows out of the sides of rotting tree-trunks, is extremely good and satisfying if properly treated. The trouble with toadstools and growths of that ilk is, we have been all of us brought up to believe that everything except the mushroom was deadly poison. It was knocked into us in our earliest days by our nurses—"Don't touch that, Master Teddy, it's rank poison!"—it was confirmed by the gardener and corroborated by our parents, and now few of us have the confidence to try a dish of toadstools unless personally selected for us by an expert such as Jason Hill. I ate once a dish of Shaggy Caps, a particularly ominous-looking toadstool, that were gathered for me and cooked by a fungus "fan," and they were extremely good, but I have never had the courage to trust myself to pick them. The book is published by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

ACCORDING to Mr. Hill, "when the angler of coarse fish has weighed and exhibited his catch there comes a moment of embarrassment." Dare he ask the cook to prepare the contents of his creel for the table, or should he tip them into the dustbin? The book provides for this uncertainty by giving a variety of receipts for cooking coarse fish so that they are palatable, and there is a special one for pike that sounds so good I must make an effort to catch a pike just to try it. I remember when fishing in Ireland my boatman gave me a long and detailed account of the right way to cook pike, and one must remember that according to the Irish there is only one fresh-water fish—the trout. The receipt went into minute details of the stuffing to be put inside the fish, and this sounded rich and flavoursome.

"Then," said Patsy, the boatman, "you put the pike in a pan in a slow oven, and when it is nearly cooked you open the oven door half way just to finish it off gently. When it is done you open the oven door, and then go over and open the kitchen window wide."

"Why do you open the kitchen window?" I asked.
"Well, sorr, when you have eaten the stuffing you chuck the fish out into the yard."

IT is difficult to get off the topic of Ireland and the Irish once one has started, for the country is so rich in entertainment and interest. I was over there for the fishing not long before the war started, and I was wondering where it is the I.R.A. recruit their adherents, for certainly one sees no one to suggest these sinister individuals among those one meets in town, village and countryside. To the casual traveller the south and west of Ireland to-day is as delightful as ever it was, and one meets with the same warm welcome and the same richly humorous outlook.

It is the fashion now for the *intelligentsia* of Dublin to decry the books of Somerville and Ross, and affect to find something derogatory to their country's dignity in those delightful stories of the natural humour of the race that makes them such wonderful companions wherever one meets them. The country, however, remains unchanged despite this attitude, and the old spirit of being "agin the Government" on principle is still evident, as is proved by another story concerning Patsy, the boatman.

A travelling cinema with a large circus tent had visited the village in which we were staying and we went to see the film, which struck me as being badly chosen, as it was very British and imperialistic. The following day, when we were fishing, my wife asked Patsy if he had gone.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't be wasting my money on them things."

"It was very good," my wife said, "but it was a bit uncomfortable, as we had to sit on narrow rafters of wood instead of seats. They weren't quite strong enough, because there were three very big men of the Civic Guard in front, and in the middle of the performance their rafter broke and they went down with a crash."

"Begob," said Patsy, "and if I had known that was going to happen I would have gone even if I had had to pay a pound for my seat."

LAST week in the New Forest I saw a hen-harrier, which is quite rare in this country and which is easily distinguishable owing to its French-grey colouring. One might mistake it for a tern at first glance. The New Forest is not the bird sanctuary it was in the past, as motor cars have made all parts of it accessible, and the egg-collector, despite the odium attached to the calling, still exists. There are, however, still several pairs of buzzards, and from time to time the peregrine is seen, but this is a wide-ranging falcon, and the specimens noticed may have been passing migrants.

I reported in COUNTRY LIFE an account of a kite seen in North Wales last spring, and discovered from a correspondent that there is a Kite Preservation Society, which watches carefully over the few remaining pairs left in the country. It is remarkable how this bird has died out, as in Tudor times it was common in every town and city where it acted as a scavenger, as it does to-day in the East. Possibly the local sanitary inspectors have had more to do with its disappearance than bird collectors and gamekeepers.

I know the kite only in Egypt, where he swarms, and where he is not only a scavenger, but also a very clever and nimble thief. He has been known to swoop down and remove a wing of chicken from the plate of an outdoor luncheon at Gezira Club, Cairo. Once at the Zoological Gardens I watched a newly engaged keeper going with a huge pan of raw meat to feed the leopards, and as he walked towards them with the pan balanced on his head the leopards raised heartrending screams of anguish. The poor creatures had every justification, for they were watching a state of affairs of which the keeper was blissfully unaware. Half a dozen kites were making symmetrical swoops at the pan, so that when the keeper arrived at the cage door the receptacle was empty.

THE best story of the week concerns the War Office and a lieutenant-colonel who has recently retired from the command of a famous regiment of the infantry of the line. On the outbreak of war he applied for re-employment, and in due course received a lengthy form to fill up with full details of his past life and service. This he complied with, despite the fact that his dossier, complete with every record of his distinguished career and his confidential reports, lay to hand at Whitehall. The form, however, was returned to him as he had failed to complete it. He had left blank one space where he should have given the names of two witnesses who would certify as to his moral and professional integrity. It is understood he is sending in the names of his butler and chauffeur. They both know quite a lot about him, and have had, moreover, the advantage of serving as privates in the regiment under his command!

EXCURSION IN ALSACE

FISH AND AFFINITIES BEHIND THE MAGINOT LINE

"A FRENCH communique announces that their Engineers have destroyed the bridge at Brisach."

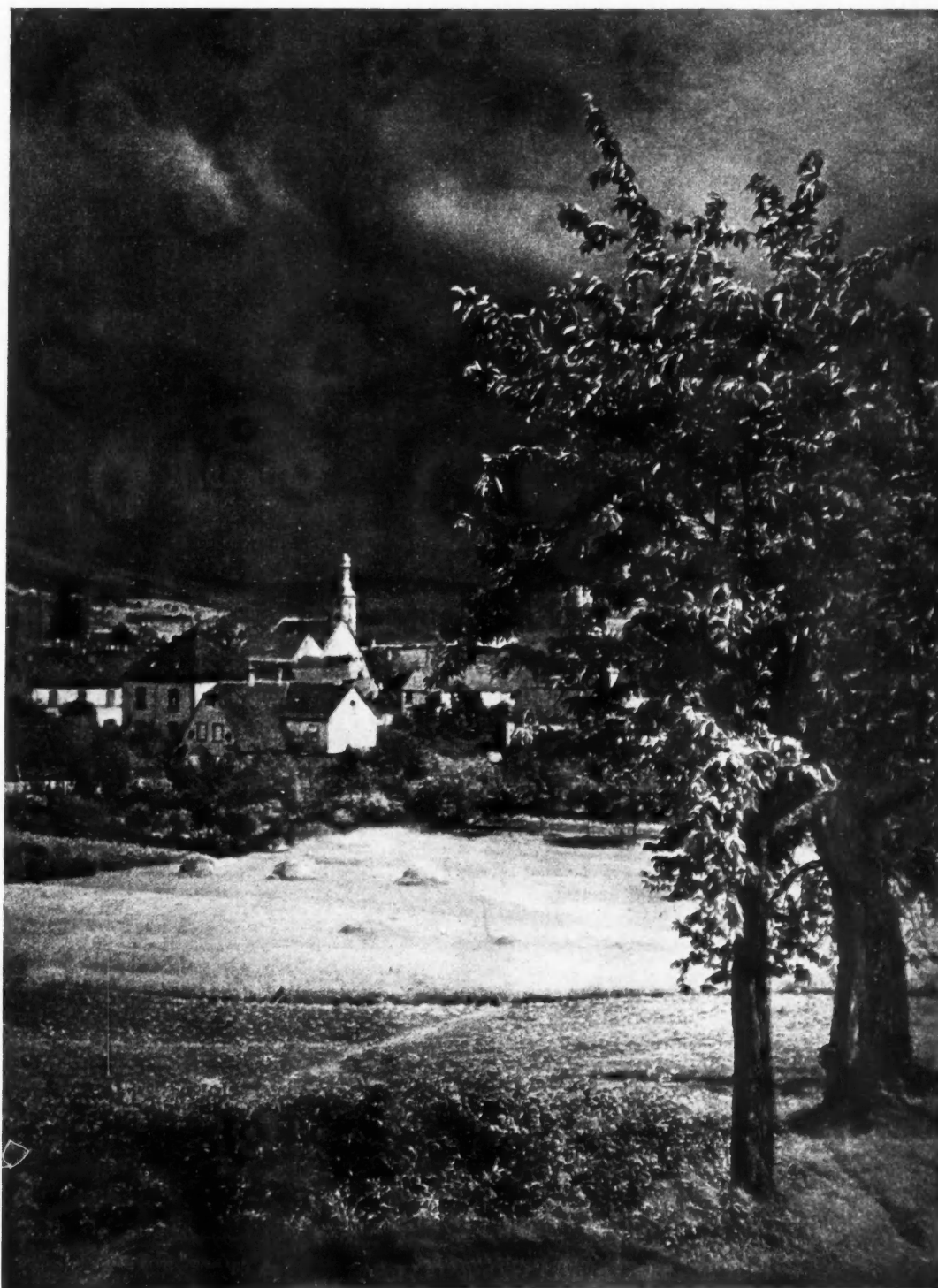
By a curious coincidence, as I sat and listened to the wireless I was looking at some photographs of Colmar, which is within a few miles of this bridge, reviving memories of a happy holiday spent in Alsace in the early spring. It is not difficult to imagine what must now be the conditions on this main route from the great industrial centre of Nancy through Colmar to the Rhine, as compared with the peaceful scene we saw when passing through this capital of the Haut Rhin, late in February, on our way up the valley of the Weiss, to try our luck with the early trout which it was said might be caught in that attractive little river.

Colmar, with its Germanic version of Renaissance architecture, and other fascinating evidences of its continuous history from the days of Ancient Rome, through all the glories and vicissitudes of the Roman Empire and the Revolution, at 7 a.m. on a Sunday morning showed evidence of being anything but a dead

city, and the station was alive with good-looking men and women equipped for ski-ing, hastening in crowds to catch a train which was to take them up into the "blue Alsatian mountains."

How different the scene must be to-day on this main traffic way to a section of the Maginot Line, with troops, mechanical transport and engines of war passing along it day and night, and the whole life of a happy and contented community disorganised because a mad dog is loose in Europe, with a lust for power which will not be satisfied until the so-called rights of nationals have been satisfied. The opportunity occurred during the next two weeks of a very pleasant holiday, of discovering how much importance is attached by the man of the country to these so-called rights.

In the early morning we got into a sort of horse-box of a carriage, pulled by an absurd little puffing-billy, which whistled shrilly and rang a bell continuously as it panted and bumped along through vineyards and village streets with glimpses through old archways to onion-spired churches, and finally through finely



STORM OVER ALSACE. A TYPICAL VILLAGE, SEEN UNDER A THREATENING SKY

wooded scenery up the valley of Weiss. We realised to what a delightful part of the world we had come.

Our destination was Orbey, chosen as a good centre for our fishing, and a convenient one from which to make excursions. At Hachimette, the terminus of our toy railway, we changed into a glittering auto-'bus, which, after travelling a few miles, deposited us in the main street of Orbey, where we were welcomed by the *patron* of our hotel, a short, tubby little man of mixed nationality, a welcome which perhaps owed some of its enthusiasm to the fact that we were the only visitors to an hotel of about sixty bedrooms. We were to learn later that our host was at one time a *chef* at our London Ritz, which we felt quite able to believe as we hungrily devoured the excellent *déjeuner* he had provided. The hotel, a five-storey edifice in the French manner, had, we were told, risen from the ruins of one which had been destroyed during the last war, and so quickly had the scars of war disappeared, that trees to a height of 12ft. had to be removed when the new building had been commenced.

With this and other evidence that we were in the old war zone, we soon embarked on tentative enquiries as to the effect of the change of *régime*. Naturally, everyone of military age

Alsace continues to work well under the French and to give satisfaction to the people. Certainly, Alsace appeared to us the most prosperous part of France we saw, and this satisfactory condition seems further proved by the extraordinary absence of bitterness which we found at a time when the whole world was resounding with warlike threats.

For the sum of 2fr. 50c. you are free to fish all the non-navigable rivers of Alsace-Lorraine. Very alluring in prospect, but alas! disappointing in practice, as we found after many days with fly of every description, and ultimately the worm which we took as a last resort, after seeing the local fishermen at every turn of the stream dangling one at the end of a line, attached to a very long bamboo rod, but with no better luck.

The last day of futile effort found us in, what we were beginning to regard as a grave misnomer, the Hotel de la Bonne Truite at Hachimette, drinking our usual coffee and cognac and lamenting that we had not seen a single fish. As we sat and talked with Madame and her son, we enquired whether there really was another *bonne truite* besides the hotel, and, if so, was there any chance of catching her? "But indeed there were very many, and would Monsieur and Madame like to see some?" Indeed



IN THE VOSGES. THE LAC DES PERCHES AND OBERBRUCK, NEAR BUSSANG

in the neighbourhood at the beginning of the war had found himself in the German Army. Sometimes, as in the case of our *patron* at Orbey, he had managed to change over before the end. The whole matter, however, was talked of quite freely and in a dispassionate manner, sometimes even jokingly. In reply to our enquiry as to what happened to all the surrounding farms, scattered defencelessly about the mountain-side, "Ah! well, things had arranged themselves. The French would collect their milk in the morning, the Germans in the evening." Thus incidents were avoided.

Among many friends we made was a charming old landowner, Monsieur/Herr Bobenreith, who not only placed his stream at our disposal, but invited us to take tea with himself and Madame, and displayed as cherished possessions two battered Burberrys purchased years before on a visit to London, and introduced to us some curious little hounds, said to have been (more or less) directly descended from some imported from England by his grandfather. We asked his view on the change of *régime*. "Oh! well," he said, "as a rule when we asked the German officials in their day to do anything, they usually refused, were very rude and insolent, but did it in the end, whereas the French smile pleasantly, acquiesced, but didn't do anything if they could help it." We offer no opinion on the old gentleman's views, but the carefully tended fields and forests, well ordered and equipped farmhouses, and the admirable clothes which its country men and women put on for church-going, markets and other special occasions, all seem to demonstrate that the local government of

they would; so we followed the son through the kitchen and down a steep flight of stone steps into a high vaulted cellar. At one side were two large stone troughs through which flowed a stream of water, and when the electric light was switched on, we found ourselves gazing at a seething mass of trout ranging from a quarter to a pound and a half. We sighed with envy and amazement, and enquired how they came there. They had been caught by the local fishermen, but alas! all with the worm.

But trout were not the only matter of interest in that large vaulted cellar. We heard that during the Great War it had been the headquarters of the German Staff of this part of the Line, which had actually passed right through our village of Orbey. A doorway at one side of the trout's cellar led into a little war museum, hung with German helmets, revolvers, and miscellaneous equipment. Opposite to the door a small red sanctuary lamp hung before a cross, in memory, our host told us, of all those unknown Alsatian German soldiers who had not been gathered together under their named crosses among the pine trees in the great cemetery on Markstein. On one wall was pasted a notable collection of German war cartoons and Press cuttings. With a charming smile our one-time German host specially pointed out to us certain uncomplimentary statements about the British, and equally unflattering portraits of John Bull and his fellow-citizens.

So with excursions to Kaysersburg, an outstanding example of the small mediæval town, which owes its name to the fact that Charlemagne and later Roman emperors lived from time to time in its castle: to St. Die, over the Col du

Bonhomme, where the snow lay thick and the skier was in evidence; and walks among the mountains, we spent a very pleasant fortnight, enjoying splendid weather and the greetings of the villagers, with whom we made friends on our daily fishing and exploring expeditions. We seemed to fall quite naturally into the normal life of the place, so that we were able to take an active part in three spirited carnival dances on the three nights before Ash Wednesday. Here we found almost the whole village rigged up in most ingenious fancy dresses, always topped by clever masks representing all manner of types—the favourite being that of an old peasant woman and finished off by a bonnet or chenille hood that had obviously been borrowed from an actual owner. We were surprised to find what a spirited band so small a place as Orbey could produce. There certainly seemed more of the true spirit of the dance in these energetic whirligig measures, often accompanied by hearty and unsentimentalised affirmations of such thoughts as "Ich liebe Dich," than in the halting rhythms we so often hear at home, during which a melancholy crooner affirms that "He feels so Blew, because he can't have Yew, Baby." Yes, dancing in Alsace is exhausting but thoroughly cheerful. After a few false starts, we soon picked up the local manner, and apparently became popular dancing partners—or so it would seem, unless it was merely politeness which caused the inhabitants to set upon us again and again to be their partners. And after that, even when Lent fell upon us, we encountered such diversions as a grand farmers' dinner, which, though it started with awful solemnity, cheered up considerably after an incredible number of bottles had been emptied. Then there was a gathering of Old Comrades of the Great War—we never found out exactly which



AU DESSUS DES TOITS DE STRASBOURG

side they represented—ending with a bugle-blowing bout. Then on our very last night came the band of the 5th Infantry Regiment (this time absolutely French), who, after some ceremonial in the mountains, made cheerful staccato noises on curly horns outside the Mairie, while we enjoyed a dinner that was a crowning example of our *patron's* art, preparatory to boarding the 'bus for Colmar, en route for England, more than ever wondering whether the rights of nationals and minorities have any place in the thoughts of the *people* of a country.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.



THE VILLAGE STREET. A PEACEFUL SCENE AT FROSCHWILLER

THEN AND NOW

NOVEMBER 11th, 1914—NOVEMBER 11th, 1939

A WEEK or two ago—on October 17th, to be precise—three men took their seats outside the Café de la Paix. Two of them had met in Paris many times before—had indeed sat in many weathers at that same small table beneath the awning through which the cold bright autumn sunshine gleamed fitfully. It was approaching dusk—the French have a Latin and more expressive word for it—and the crepuscular activities of the *boulevardiers* were just beginning. The hour of the *apéritif* definitely approached, and the fact that it was earlier than its wont seemed the chief indication that Western Europe had passed, almost overnight, from that feverish bustle of an armed camp which men call Peace to the regimented and machine-controlled, the wasteful efficiency of War. To one of the three Paris was home: at least, he had called it so since, a few weeks after the first Armistice Day, he became the correspondent of a great London daily. Since then he had been tossed about in the seething cauldron of international politics, leaping—it almost seemed in memory—from conference to conference, seeing treaties signed by the score to be torn up the next day, watching statesmen appear with their hatreds, their enthusiasms, their little-minded meannesses, their vast fantastic dreams, and seen them tumble down at the beckoning of Death or the touch of disillusion. And now here he was again . . . and everything . . . just the same. He felt a curious nostalgia, as though he was beginning to live again a life that thrilled him with its beauty and fascinated him with its horrors.

He turned to his young soldier friend. He, at least, did not remember the triumphs, the miseries, the alternating despair and exaltation which was to come. "You seem, Jack," he said, "to enjoy making war in this luxurious way. Downing Street last night, or was it Oxford? Dining with me at Drouant's to-night, and up to the front to-morrow morning?" Tongues were loosed and the soldier justified his brassard by telling of some things that had happened in the month that was past. He told a tale of ordered efficiency, of hair-raising chases passed unknown to any but a few, and he ended on a note of justified triumph. "Yes," he said, "it's wonderful seeing it all like this. Heaven knows why I, particularly, should be so lucky—but you, of all people, don't need to be told how wonderful it is. However,

just wait until you see the young lads to-morrow. I tell you, it's a revelation!" The journalist reflected. Yes, to see youth, fire, determination in eyes that looked on a fair world without regret, to hear those remembered voices, that sing-song, that burr, that well known intonation. He was back a quarter of a century ago. Yes, it would all be the same—the same faces, the same laughter, the same alternations of high spirits and well assumed disgust.

His attention was caught by yesterday's edition of a London evening paper lying on the next table. His companions were deep in the niceties of camouflage, and he glanced at the splashes of bold type and smiled. "Poppy Day in War-time," "Big Company Conserves Capital Earnings for Capital Needs," "Buy Mink Now!" "Mouth Organs are Army Comforts—Official—They are in the List with Socks and Mufflers." Mouth organs? Hm! Well, the songs might not be all the same, though he hardly saw room for many new ones, and the methods of making exhilarating and heart-rending noises might have changed, but . . . and before he could formulate his convictions in French words of one syllable, they appeared, as it were, in person to demonstrate the incontrovertible truth that the more things change the more they are the same.

In the distance, beyond the Opéra, something was happening to the traffic. Whistlings, hootings and dashings about of more than ordinary violence were lapsing into something approaching quiet—*pace* Sir John Anderson and A.R.P.!—and the tramp of armed men came upon their ears with a sound of Birdcage Walk. "Move to the right in fours!" murmured the journalist, with a smile of reminiscence, instantly checked by the General Staff with an audible "Threes, please!" Yes, things did change . . . but here they were. Shades of Sir William! They must have stepped straight out of Bill Orpen's canvas! What were they? Irish Horse? No; those, like their Irish painter, belonged to the past. No matter. Some regiment from somewhere in England—or was it Wales? Not Scotland, definitely. Only a small party, of course; but no Caledonian could have concealed his Scotsness so completely as to be one of them. Yes, uniform did make a difference, and the uniforms were strange—only the day before he had overheard a very superior soldier brazenly alluding to his rompers. And some of that pantechicon appearance had gone. Yes, the *impedimenta* seemed better arranged than in the old days. Those curious pockets were neat, not all gaudy with brass buttons, and looked useful. But, horror of horrors, he had nearly said it. Did they look smart? And then he laughed, and his friend on the General Staff laughed too. "No," he agreed, "they're not exactly smart, but they're very much better to march in. And think about buttons and puttees!" He thought about buttons, and button-sticks, and polish, and puttees, and marching, particularly marching—always jolly (*sic*) well marching. He remembered one march through a misty dawn, through the long heat of the day,



"THAT PANTECHICON APPEARANCE"
A drawing by Sir William Orpen



HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE PASSING TO THE YPRES SALIENT, CASSEL
By Sir William Orpen



"A VAST ARRAY OF BLACK AND WHITE CONFUSION": AIR PHOTOGRAPH ON THE WESTERN FRONT, 1917

through the sunset and twilight and on into the dark. It had begun with noise of laughter and singing, and only after a halt or two had they settled grimly to their work. In the morning the country was cloaked in a veil of blue, cool to the face and invigorating. In the villages the people still slept. Then as noon crept on life began to stir. They halted by shady woods, on the edge of cornfields. It might have been a route march at home, but there was more to follow. Thirty miles of stifling in a jolting railway carriage—was it a carriage or a truck or pen? Sweat, dirt, discomfort, sometimes a little sleep, and through it all the regular clank-clank-clank of the train. And then the detraining, a vociferous welcome from the local inhabitants, and another twenty-mile march into the night. It was a long, long trail covered in uncanny silence, as almost all night marches are. He remembered the lingering remnants of the sunset, the hoot of the owls, the whistle of a distant engine. And then the numbness and the tiredness and the stumbling forward through the last hours of the march. But the internal combustion engine, he reflected, had saved these lads most of that. "Surely the P.B.I. do no foot-slogging to-day?" he said aloud. "Why, there hardly is a P.B.I." "Don't you make any mistake about that," replied the soldier. "They're there all right. Old Bill's progeny may swarm along the roads and lanes and over the land in numbers that would terrify the London Passenger Transport Board, but, mechanise as you like, the final job of work no machine can do."

And so they fell to discussing the part of the man in war, a controversy which bids fair to be never-ending. The third man, a Sussex landowner and farmer on his way home from Aix-les-Bains, was a fierce apostle of mechanism both in farming and in warfare. In the tank, he said, we had produced the most important offensive weapon of modern times, and who, he should like to know, would benefit by it? "That," said the soldier, "remains to be seen. But things have gone far since Kitchener called it a 'pretty mechanical toy' and the Engineer-in-Chief thought that 'before considering the proposal we should descend from the realms of imagination to those of solid fact.'" "To-morrow," said he, turning to the journalist, "you will see some of the

latest tricks of the trade"—and back came the talk to the use of deceit and the progress of camouflage since the days of Greek Horses and Birnam Wood. It was wonderful, the farmer admitted, but "how long it had taken you soldiers to learn lessons that any bird could teach." And the journalist, with an inner vision, saw himself poring at Army Headquarters over a vast array of black and white confusion which should have taught him as Intelligence Officer the exact disposition of Jerry's forces. Was that curious line a communication trench, or a ditch, or a track across the plough? Were guns concealed in that irregular patch now marked "Bn"? He wondered whether his successors of to-day had an easier time. Vermouth, cassis and Pernod were still adorning the tables when the farmer rose to take his leave. "Good-bye," he said; "to-morrow I am going to Versailles." "What a sinister pilgrimage," said the journalist, thinking of mirrors, and Clémenceau's white gloves, and the agitation over a *Versailles-diktat*. "Ah, no," said his friend, "I am going there for a better purpose. Before long, if our plans go well, and I saw the Minister of Agriculture this morning, our great war-time farming venture will be revived, and an army of cultivators of both nations will be growing food behind the front." "I see," said the journalist. "Our old friend Vitamin B."



THE ORANGERY AT VERSAILLES USED FOR PACKING VEGETABLES, 1917

TRANSPORT AND THE NATIVE PONY

By R. S. SUMMERHAYS, Editor of "Riding"



HIGHLAND PONIES ON THE ISLAND OF RHUM. "SHORT-LEGGED, STOCKY, OF DEEP GIRTH"

SO much has been written of late of our war-time transport troubles, and certainly no one can deny that the severe petrol restrictions have placed great difficulties upon the individual, be he trader, professional man or the private individual accustomed to the amenities which unrestricted travelling gives. Much has been written of the help which the horse, so long generally discarded as a means of transport, has lent to overcome, in some measure, the present trouble, and it seems that he is becoming more and even more useful. His effective help has been largely confined to activities within the shafts, but it is certain that full advantage has not been taken of him under the saddle.

Again, in making use of horses for transport, have the capabilities and real virtues of the native pony been sufficiently explored? I think not. Let us take first the supply of these ponies.

Pure-bred native ponies are to be found in very considerable numbers all over the country, and there are, too, a large number of useful half-bred ponies, though the former are the more desirable from every point of view. They may roughly be classified under two heads, the heavier type, and therefore for transport purposes the more useful, and the lighter breeds which, although not up to quite so much weight and not capable of pulling such heavy loads, are well suited, none the less, for transport purposes.

Among the heavier breeds, let us start with the Highland pony, a short-legged, stocky pony of deep girth, of great bone, and bred for a great number of years for the sole purpose of carrying and drawing big weights over mountainous roads. These ponies are of placid temperament and full of intelligence, and weight can hardly beat them, nor can distance daunt them. Bred as they have been for generations under the roughest circumstances, and during several months of the year living on the roughest of food, often having to scratch for this through the snow, their constitution and general hardiness are second to none.

Then we have the Dales and Fells, both really good rides and certainly not behind the Highlands in the qualities which I have just enumerated. Their life, too, is a battle with the elements, and those which survive are only the fittest, and anyone, therefore, acquiring ponies of these breeds can be assured of something

more lasting and of a more ideal temperament than the ordinary run of half-bred hack or trotting vanner. The Welsh cob and Welsh pony are not only delightful animals, showing in the majority of cases much quality with their refined heads and light and active movement, but they are just as hardy as the ponies from farther north which I have just described. The Welshman is an attractive fellow to ride, and those of good type have excellent shoulders, short and well ribbed-up middles, and can hardly be beaten among the native breeds as a ride.

Perhaps better known to those who make the round of our show-rings from the Midlands, southwards to the Channel, are the lighter breeds, the Exmoor, the Dartmoor and the New Forest. Everyone who knows anything at all of our home-produced pony is well aware that the Exmoor and the Dartmoor too have their battle with nature, and their stamina is proverbial. They are much more the riding type than the draught pony type, and the same remark applies to the New Forest, a likeable pony and an excellent ride. Any and all of these three breeds will give an excellent ride and drive pony; of that there can be no doubt.

We are left with the Shetland pony, and I must separate him from the others. Because of his extremely small stature he does not become a very practical proposition. He must be ruled out as a ride for an adult, and as a draught pony something to pull in the nature of the tub cart is about all we can expect from him. Even with this, however, he can be very useful with the daily shopping and fetching and carrying small loads.

It must be many years since the farmer gave up his cob to ride over his land, and took to a motor car, which at best did no more than take him round the lanes and over some of the tracks, provided they were not too rough. Perhaps now he will go back to the pony which served him so well. He certainly should, and he will feel the advantages which the pony will give him for the mud and the "poached" gateway, the flooded fields and the track through the woods will not stop him. Do not all of us who are not so very young remember the butcher and the baker who did much of their delivery work with big basket on arm from the back of a pony? A quick, effective and very



TYPICAL EXMOOR PONIES. "THEIR STAMINA IS PROVERBIAL"



ON A SHOOT. "A QUICK, EFFECTIVE AND VERY ECONOMICAL FORM OF TRANSPORT"

economical form of transport this, and although perhaps difficulties might be met with in towns, there are plenty of good "tie-ups" for ponies, and a native pony, by his temperament, can be relied upon to "stand and deliver."

I do, therefore, commend to farmer and to tradesman the careful consideration of a return to the old form of transport which did his father and those before him so very well.

There are many others who could with great advantage use horse transport as an economical means of getting about, and I have in mind the professions, especially that of the country doctor and more particularly the vet, and when serious consideration is given by any one of these I do urge that each and every one of them should consider the real virtues of our native breeds. They



RUPERT, A DARTMOOR PONY, WINNER OF MANY TROPHIES

have stamina in the very highest degree; they have intelligence and docility. They are all good rides, and the percentage of failures between the shafts will be found to be negligible and need not be considered as a practical matter.

These ponies cannot compete with the motor car in speed or in the distance which can be covered, but they are incomparably more economical: and remember, in this connection, that the native pony lives happily without corn, and if that is fed to him he needs but the smallest quantity.

A pure-bred native pony of the right age may be for sale just round the corner, but those who would buy would be wise to communicate with the secretaries of the various breed societies, whose addresses can be obtained from COUNTRY LIFE.

THIS REMOUNT BUSINESS

A MAN complained in my hearing at covert-side the other morning that the Government had taken (I'm not sure he didn't say "pinched") his best horse; that they could have had, and equally well have done with, any of his other horses; that had he not been absent from home at the time he would now be better mounted than he is; and so on.

He did not speak in any cantankerous spirit, but in a spirit of dutiful resignation which, however, successfully conveyed the impression that he was being very brave about it all—as, no doubt, and rightly, he is.

Now, I am able to state as a fact that, so far as this locality was concerned at any rate, there was never any question of any horse or horses being taken—still less "pinched"—in the sense of their being commandeered; and that, not only need no horse have been sold to the Government which an owner did not wish to sell, but that there are still a considerable number of quite suitable horses about, which their owners *cannot* sell to the Government, whose needs are presently satisfied. For these there exists, for the time being, virtually no other market, and the real sufferers are to be numbered among such owners.

Whether my friend's groom took it upon himself too exuberantly to interpret his absent master's readiness to make the great sacrifice, and saw, with a lump in his throat, the old horse leave; or whether the groom simply couldn't bear the horse at any price and was thankful to see the last of him, are questions which we are not called upon to answer. But there it is. The horse need not have gone.

There may have been—there is some evidence that there were—cases in which a whole stableful were "taken" from one man, while other owners, willing to sell, were given no opportunity even of showing their horses. If so, such trouble-saving methods by a Government buyer do savour of impressment; and, where the numbers required are limited, nothing could be more unfair.

There was, however, nothing of the kind in this part of the world, where a task presenting more difficulty and vastly more work than some of us perhaps have any idea of, was tackled with a thoroughness and sympathy which left nothing to be desired, except an inability to be more lavish, which, I believe, was regretted nearly as much by the buyer as by the sellers.

I am at present riding two horses which were passed over as unsuitable. One is a rather uncouth-looking thoroughbred, who looks like a camel in the stable, is covered with "trade marks," but is known locally for the good horse he is. He began by being an inch too small for the H—s—h—ld C—v—lry (ssh!), and, a week or two later, was found to be an inch too big for the Y—m—nry (Quiet, you fool!).

I confess that, while the authorities are as "choosy" as this, I shall continue with an easy conscience to get as much fun with him as I hope and like to think he will with me.

The other horse I have kept "up" is an ex-rogue, a deter-

mined puller, an intrepid—nay, dauntless—jumper, and the best hunter I ever owned or, very possibly, shall ever own. He is rather long in the back to find favour, particularly on service, with a troop sergeant having but a limited supply of forage at his disposal at the best of times. He would have made a capital charger for Prince Rupert, or someone who liked to have a gallop and was untrammelled by the views of superiors—or, indeed, by much else. For a troop or squadron leader of to-day he might, I fancy, prove less ideal; for I, who found him, bought him, bore with him, taught him—yes, and fought him!—and who now know him, can just about keep out of trouble with the Master on most of the days I ride him. I love him dearly.

The Army will have no cause to complain of its remounts. From what I have seen, the average is almost as high as at the beginning of the last war. This found me at Tidworth, where such batches of quality hunters were received—mainly from "Beaufortshire" and the V.W.H. countries—as have not been assembled together before or since. Hundreds of them—far more, of course, than are needed now. In these days, when they, and we who rode them to war, are so nearly outdated, it is not without comfort to recall the gist of the then Sir John French's dispatch after the first battle of Ypres. "It is no reflection upon the other arms to say that it is to the cavalry, and the cavalry alone, that we—" etc.

We were not fighting *as* cavalry, of course; but then war, as a gentleman's occupation, ceased with the introduction of tin-hats and map shooting. But our mobility—the result of years of practical and practised horsemanship—was phenomenal, and beyond emulation either by our allies or our enemies. Can it really be that, in a war such as this one may well become, there will *nowhere* be scope for an arm which we once used to the admiration, not to say consternation, of other nations? Is it *really* out of the question that when, perhaps, mobility is most needed, a breakdown might occur in a petrol supply which to-day is presumably as vital as the amount daily required is staggering?

No doubt the Household regiments and the Greys would more than fulfil anything which could be expected of a mere handful of mounted troops, however excellent. But they could not, alone, have beaten the Turks, still less have turned defeat into rout, in a country where I take leave to doubt if any large mechanised force could be kept mobile for any length of time under war conditions.

With these and other thoughts are my outward and homeward miles filled; the thoughts, no doubt, of a silly old, horse-hide-bound, not-yet-dug-out; and perhaps a few others like him. Oh, well!

A very pleasant, warm morning holding up cubs yesterday ended with a capital four-mile gallop on the grass. Not much jumping—the fences are very blind—and, consequently, quite as fast as one could wish to travel from gate to gate. We lost him a mile from my place, but we can count on him when we find him again. And so home.

BRIDDOON.



The country seat of Lord Kitchener from 1911 to 1916, Broome, though greatly altered by him, remains one of the finest of Charles I houses. It was built by Sir Basil Dixwell between 1635 and 1639.

WHEN Broome was last illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, it was still in the hands of the Oxendens, the old East Kent family who had inherited it from Sir Basil Dixwell, namesake and great-great-nephew of its builder. Four years later—in 1911—Lord Kitchener bought the estate and embarked on a series of alterations which have never been recorded in these pages. Although they were unfinished at the time when he made that last fatal embarkation in June, 1916, he succeeded in stamping his personality on the place with such "thoroughness"—to recall the Kitchener motto—that it is with his name that Broome is first associated to-day. None the less it remains one of the finest Charles I houses that have come down to us. Externally mullioned windows have been replaced where Sir Henry Oxenden introduced sashes, and his eighteenth-century additions at the back of the house have been masked by mullioned bays in keeping with the original elevations (Fig. 3). In the interior the new decoration, where it was completed by Lord Kitchener, is for the most part of an early seventeenth-century character, though far more sumptuous than anything the Dixwells can have commissioned. In recent years, since the heirs of Lord Kitchener sold it in 1928, the future of Broome has often seemed in jeopardy. The estate has been broken up, and there were fears that the house

might be pulled down. Inspired by an appeal made in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE, Mr. Jell went to see Broome and decided almost immediately to buy it with the object of saving so fine a house, and in the early part of this year opened it as a country hotel. Although reduced in size, the grounds are still lovely, and no building has taken place to spoil the views from the house. It stands in its hollow below the Canterbury-Dover road in all the beauty of lawns and trees that has been created by successive generations over a period of three centuries.

East Kent has always been a little land of its own, in which a group of local families reigned with extraordinary tenacity until comparatively recent times. It is the country of the Ingoldsby Legends, and their author's family must originally have sprung from the very parish in which Broome lies. Barham from very early days was a possession of the see of Canterbury, but among its manors were two that as far back as Henry III's reign belonged to the Digges, a family that much later was to produce an eminent Master of the Rolls in the person of Sir Dudley Digges, who built the fine Jacobean house at Chilham Castle. One of the manors came to be called after its possessors as that of Digges Court; the other was Broome, which remained with the family until the Master of the Rolls sold it. The purchaser—Sir Basil Dixwell—was a younger son of a



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1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT AND NORTH-EAST WING WITH THE PORCH ADDED BY LORD KITCHENER

"Country Life"



2.—IN ITS SETTING OF LAWNS AND TREES: THE NORTH OR ENTRANCE FRONT



3.—FROM THE SOUTH-WEST. THE PRESENT ELEVATION MASKS SIR HENRY OXENDEN'S ADDITIONS



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4.—THE EAST SIDE OF THE HOUSE, FROM THE ENCLOSED GARDEN

"Country Life"

Warwickshire family, who had inherited estates in Kent from a maternal uncle and had houses at Folkestone and Terlingham. He rapidly became a man of influence in his adopted county—Member for Hythe in 1626, Sheriff of Kent in 1627—and in 1628 was created a baronet. The manor of Broome when he acquired it comprised some 380 acres, which he soon afterwards increased by further purchases.

The newcomer's activities in creating a fine modern seat in the quiet valley were watched with interest by a neighbour. Between Broome and Denton, to the south, lay the manor of Great Maydeken, where lived Henry Oxenden, learned, country-loving squire, writer of Latin verses and of a voluminous correspondence, much of which, thanks to Mrs. Dorothy Gardiner, has now been published in her two delightful volumes of

The passage runs as follows :

Ap. 1635. Sir Basil Dixwell layd the foundation of the house at Broome, it was up by the middle of Nov[ember] following, but although the maine house was builded, reared, and tiled by the time aforesaid, yet the in work, as sealing boarding etc, was not done till the end of the year 1636, and it was Sept. following 1637 before the joiners had made any great progress in wainscoting the rooms, and it was St. Mich. 1638 before they and the painters had finished their work, and made the house ready for Sir Basil to come into it: who came thither about six weeks after that and tarried there till St. Mich. 1639.

Henry Oxinden goes on to say that 2,700,000 bricks were made on the estate, while many more—perhaps the moulded ones—were bought. Sand and lead, each amounting to about £500, were purchased; the entire cost to Sir Basil "by his & Capt. Dixwells account" came to £8,000. Meanwhile, before commencing work, he had "diked and quicksetted" the fields in front of the house, "and layd them to pasture w^{ch} before had been errable ground time out of the memory of Man." The outbuildings went up soon after the house—the stable in 1636, the brew-house in 1637; the following years saw much planting. Then, towards the end of the year 1642, Sir Basil died at Folkestone, having lived to enjoy his new mansion for barely four years but having just missed the troubles on which England was entering.

Henry Oxenden's account, so well-comely precise as to dates, fails to tell us whom Sir Basil employed as his architect. Like so many other houses of the period, Broome has been attributed to Inigo Jones, but though its classicism is much in advance of what we find in many contemporary buildings, it is hardly pure enough to make such an attribution tenable. To the sixteenth-thirties belongs a whole group of brick buildings with heavy pedimented gables all reflecting current practice in the Netherlands, Raynham Hall, Swakeleys, near Uxbridge, Kew Palace, Pocock's School at Rye being the chief. In Surrey—at Slyfield and West Horsley (both recently illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*), at Mickleham and in one or two other places—there is brickwork of this period, decidedly Dutch or Flemish in character, and all probably emanating from one architect-builder, though cruder in design and execution than what Broome shows. Broome is much superior in conception to Swakeleys, with which it is often compared. Its order of pilasters, the fine cornice, the top hamper of gables, compact and close set instead of wide and sprawling, all show that its designer had a better sense of proportion and knowledge of true classic technique than his counterpart at Swakeleys. Moreover, this is essentially brick architecture: the design suits the material. About the skyline, where great play is made with the pediments, round and triangular, broken and in some places double, there is a definitely baroque character,

which seems to point to an up-to-date acquaintance with what was being done in the Netherlands. Apart from the traceable influence of Flemish pattern books in much decorative work of the time, we have the sojourn of Nicholas Stone in Amsterdam and his marriage to the daughter of the Dutch architect, Hendrik de Keyser, to show the intimate commerce of ideas that existed at the time. Moreover, two of de Keyser's sons—William and Hendrik—spent several years in England during the 1630's with their brother-in-law, and it is quite possible that they, and others like them, may have done work in this country. All of this is interesting speculation, but still leaves the designer of Broome in the mists.

The plan adopted for the house was in the form of the letter H, but it has been enlarged by Sir Henry Oxenden's and Lord Kitchener's additions to the south front between the wings. Sir Henry Oxenden's remodelling of the interior also

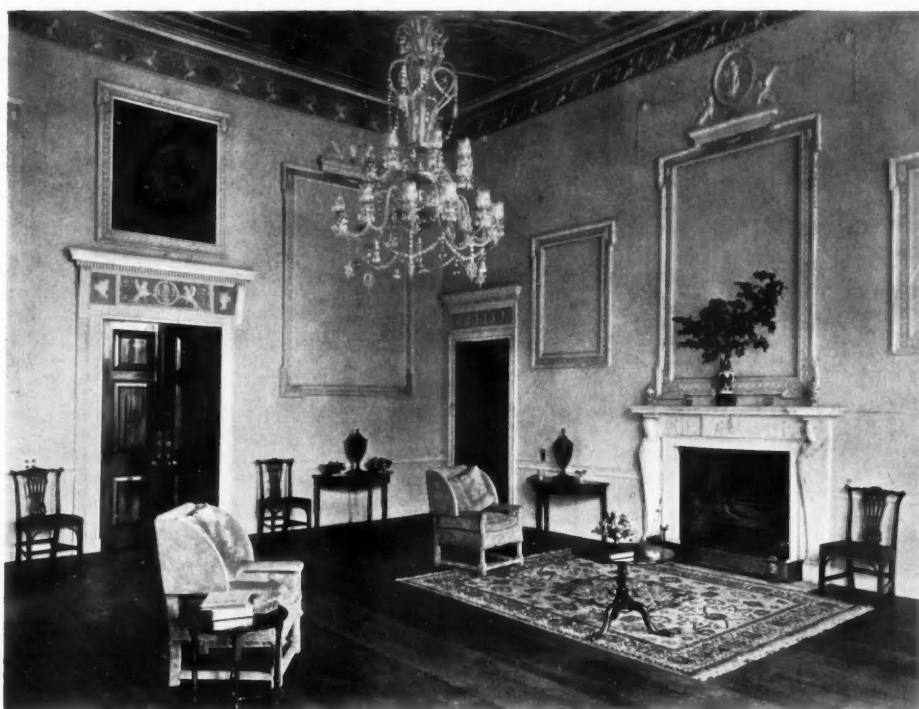


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5.—BRICK GABLES ON THE ENTRANCE FRONT

"Country Life"

"Oxinden Letters." Henry Oxenden belonged to a cadet branch of the family which had sprung from Oxinden in Nonington parish and had gradually spread over the neighbourhood. The main stem for some generations had been firmly rooted at Dene in the near-by parish of Wingham, where Sir James Oxenden, Henry's uncle, lived and flourished. It was Henry's father, Richard, who received as a younger son's portion the Maydeken property which his mother, a Brooker, had brought to the family, but in 1629, when in his early forties, he died, leaving his son, Henry, heir to it while still barely of age. The young man had a passion for hoarding and recording which never left him as he grew older, and it is to him that we owe the facts and dates about the building of Broome, which he entered in one of his notebooks, almost as though he foresaw that the great house would one day pass to his family. The notebook has now found its way to the British Museum. Extracts from it were published in "The Genealogist" of 1893.



6.—THE SALOON. DECORATION JAMES GANDON, circa 1767

makes it difficult to say what was the precise arrangement of the ground floor. It is clear that kitchen and offices must have been in the east wing, as the stables are on this side; the parlours would therefore have been in the west. But whether the hall lay centrally in the main block or the front door opened into a screens passage at one end of it, as at Swakeleys, it is not possible now to say. In a little room in the west wing is a stone fireplace with an overmantel containing old woodwork.

Sir Basil Dixwell left Broome to his nephew, Mark, who was killed the next year in the fight at Arundel, leaving a boy of three to succeed. During his long minority his uncle, Colonel John Dixwell, one of the regicides, was the virtual possessor of Broome. In 1651 he built the dovecote and in the following year walled round the kitchen garden. At the Restoration he fled abroad and eventually settled in America. Meanwhile, the young Basil had come of age; he was created a baronet by Charles II, but lived only till 1668, when once again a boy of three succeeded to the estate. This third Sir Basil held Broome for eighty-two years, and on his death in 1750 left the estate to the second son of Sir George Oxenden of Dene, whose father had married Sir Basil's sister, Elizabeth. Thus Broome passed to the family of Henry Oxenden, who had taken so much interest in its building. The new owner died after three years, when he was followed by his elder brother Henry, who in 1775 succeeded his father in the baronetcy. But before that he had been carrying out extensive alterations to the house to bring its interior up to date.

These alterations were assigned by Mr. Tipping in his article on Broome to James Wyatt. The Architectural Publications Dictionary, however, in its account of James Gandon, includes among his works "alterations for Sir H. Oxenden in Kent" carried out about 1767. The only house they can refer to is Broome, for Dene, the old Oxenden home, was at that date still in the possession of Sir George. Moreover, the character of the work fits the attribution. A two-storey block with bow end was built out from the centre of the south front

and in it was formed a fine saloon (Fig. 6). The wall panels and the door in the corner were added by Lord Kitchener, but the ceiling, frieze and marble fireplace are original. Gandon started as a pupil of Sir William Chambers, and in this ceiling we find some of his favourite *motifs*, such as the fans placed in the four corners. The colouring is salmon pink contrasted with two shades of blue, the centre and corners being picked out in red. The fireplace (Fig. 7) with its sculptured terms, frieze and tablet is fine enough to be by Chambers' friend, Joseph Wilton. This work of Gandon's must have been carried out soon after he had begun to practise independently and before he went to Dublin. The other alterations effected by Sir Henry Oxenden included the sashing of many windows and the remodelling of the hall, which was made to fill the full length of the main block and was divided at either end by colonnades. To his time, too, no doubt belongs the charming

little "Gothick" steward's house, with its flint-faced walls and rusticated pilasters, lying to the east of the house. Little was done to Broome by Sir Henry's successors, the last of whom to own it was Sir Percy Oxenden, the tenth holder of the baronetcy, which became extinct in 1924 at his death.

Lord Kitchener on acquiring Broome wasted no time in setting to work on it. For most of the alterations he had Mr. Detmar Blow and Mr. Ferdinand Billerey as his architects. The new southern elevation (Fig. 3), concealing the bows, abolishing the sash windows, and dominated by a central gable built up above the eighteenth-century addition, has given to this side of the house the cohesion which it had lost in the eighteenth century. On the entrance front (Fig. 1) the porch was added, with its fine classic doorcase, the marble of which has already weathered sufficiently to make it look like that of some Italian *cinquecento* palace. In the interior Lord Kitchener's engineering instincts came into play. He wanted a longer, wider and taller entrance hall, and to obtain it ordered drastic structural alterations, one effect of which was to raise



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"Country Life"

7.—THE SALOON FIREPLACE, PERHAPS BY JOSEPH WILTON

the floors of the rooms above to the level of the window sills. The roof was stripped off, and replaced by one of metal girders, the old wood being used for the hall panelling and staircase.

The entrance hall as remodelled is undeniably fine work of its kind, but the effect of the elaborate Jacobean woodwork, the pendent ceiling and the two great marble fireplaces is rather overwhelming (Fig. 8). At either end are triple arcades. The details of the decoration were taken from various well known interiors—the ceiling recalling that of the great chamber of Gilling Castle and the fireplaces those in the gallery at Hatfield. Hatfield also provided the model for the staircase, with its heraldic finials and arcaded balustrade (Fig. 9), which is placed on the south front between the west wing and the saloon. In the dining-room in the east wing there is plasterwork copied from Dorfold, including a great panel over the fireplace with the arms of James I and the date 1621, anticipating by fifteen years the building of Broome! The sitting-room at the north end of the west wing contains a stone chimney-piece, partly old, which still remains as Lord Kitchener left it, with the carving only half done and the sketch of his mantled shield outlined on one of the panels, but with his motto "THOROUGH" carved for all to read (Fig. 10). The first floor he did not live to take in hand, and the ground-floor rooms in the west wing were not completed. Hundreds of drawings in the house testify to his intense interest in every detail of the work, many of them bearing his marginal comments where they

failed to satisfy him, as they often did.

Though Kitchener loved Broome and loved working on it, he never lived in it as a home. "What interested him most in his project," wrote the late Lord Esher, "was to move a great slice of the Downs from left to right in a leisurely way." That is a pleasant exaggeration. But as much was done to the grounds and gardens as to the house. The trim parterres and avenues shown in Badeslade's early eighteenth century view of Broome had been swept away by Sir

Henry Oxenden. Lord Kitchener decided to restore a formal setting, though without subjecting nature to the totalitarian discipline that is shown by Badeslade. Where Sir Basil Dixwell had his walled forecourt, there is now a great extent of smooth lawn divided by a broad walk. The approach, originally from the north straight down to the main front, has long been from the east, off the road to Denton, and remains so. The west and south fronts were given wide terraces forming a platform to the house, a parterre being planned for the west side. To the east, where the offices were skilfully sunk out of sight, is the formal garden seen in Fig. 4, with a loggia on one side, garden statues and clipped hedges, and twin flights of steps curving down round a fountain basin. The surviving stable block to the north made it impossible to centre this feature on the middle gable of the east elevation, but it is a very happy example of a formal garden devoted to topiary and garden architecture. The fine trees, the legacy of the eighteenth century, remain, to give Broome its lovely leafy setting in its downland hollow.

ARTHUR OSWALD.



8.—THE ENTRANCE HALL, WITH LORD KITCHENER'S JACOBEOAN DECORATION



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9.—THE MAIN STAIRCASE, BASED ON THAT AT HATFIELD



10.—CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE NORTH-EAST ROOM, LEFT UNFINISHED BY LORD KITCHENER
"Country Life"

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A DICTATOR OF THE TURF—BY BERNARD DARWIN

"I WAS frightened, sir," said a young jockey to the Stewards, "when the big gentleman on the horse hollered at me." No doubt he was frightened, for the big gentleman was Admiral Rous, perpetual steward and handicapper, dictator of the Turf, a man as formidable and resolute as Lord George Bentinck himself. He was one of many remarkable figures in a picturesque era of English sport, or, rather, in several eras. He saw generations of racing men come and go. When he was first elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1821, John Thurtell, the king of the flashmen, was not yet hanged, John Gully had not yet lost £40,000 over Mameluke, George Osbaldeston, the Squire, had not yet ridden his two hundred miles under ten hours on Newmarket Heath. Thirty years later he made the handicap, calculated to the nicety of half a pound, between the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, and he lived on to see Fred Archer head the list of winning jockeys. His story begins among names that have an almost eighteenth-century ring, and ends among the mid-Victorians. It is not only the earnest student of racing who will be interested in Captain T. H. Bird's book, "Admiral Rous and the English Turf" (Putnam, 10s. 6d.)—I confess that I never as much as read a word about modern racing, and cut off the wireless resolutely at that point. Yet I love the flamboyant and eccentric figures of the old sporting world; I have a deplorable affection for old scandals and shadinesses—for Ratan and Running Rein, and, further, a doubtless vulgar taste for the colossal: I cannot help being thrilled by reading that a young Duke laid £180,000 to £6,000 against Hermit and, luckily for him, got out of his bargain. Captain Bird has not only produced a good picture of the Admiral himself, but has set it against a fascinating background. Here is Lord Glasgow, who said that no one is unlucky who has £150,000 a year; here the Rev. John King, the incumbent of Ashby-de-la-Launde and Bassingham, who politely told the Bishop of Lincoln to go to the devil and won the St. Leger with his horse, Apology; here John Scott, the Wizard of Whitewall, a crafty old gentleman in a tall hat and a white stock, greatest and shrewdest of trainers, and his brother Bill, equally great among jockeys, who lost the chance of a lifetime of winning the Derby on his own horse, Sir Tatton Sykes, because he was so drunk that he swerved at the last minute and up came Sam Day in Mr. Gully's lilac jacket, on Pyrrhus the First; here is that urbane and gentlemanly person, Mr. Padwick, who lent money to everyone, from William Palmer, the poisoner, of Rugeley, to the young spendthrift Lord Hastings.

Mr. Padwick's name introduces one of the Admiral's characteristics, namely, that of writing brusque, trenchant and sometimes libellous letters to the newspapers, in which editors must have revelled with a rather fearful joy. Perhaps the most famous and typical was one to *The Times* about Mr. Padwick, of which only the last paragraph is now remembered: "In justice to the Marquess of Hastings I state that he had stood to win £35,000 by The Earl, and did not hedge his stake money. Then you will ask 'Why did he scratch him?' What can the poor fly demand from the spider in whose web he is enveloped?" That letter not unnaturally produced a writ, but the Admiral apologised, as he sometimes had to do, though not to Mr. Padwick, and all was well. Clearly he now and then plunged into the fray rather hastily, but he was courageous and straightforward; racing was the passion of his life and he had its best interests at heart. He hated the manoeuvring, the "outrages" as he called them, at the start of a race. "Race-horses," he said in one of his letters, "are not ridden by sailors or tailors, but by the most accomplished jockeys, who are assisted by well paid officials, under the superintendence of stewards." He was determined that these various people should behave themselves, and reduced them to a comparatively lamb-like mood. He hated big betting and, if he could not stop it, never ceased to protest against it. He hated jockeys being treated "above their station" and spoiled. In short, he was an honest man in a not very honest business.

North Cape, by F. D. Ommaney. (Longmans, 10s. 6d.) MR. OMMANEY'S last book, "South Latitude," was one of the pleasantest travel-books for years—gay, original and instructive. His new book, no less good, is written in an entirely different mood. There is a pervading sadness in this account of three weeks in a deep-sea trawler. It is full of a touching sorrow—the grief of the ruined port, of the sailor at the dripping wheel longing for his warm fireside, of heavy news of coming war, of the little boy that the author had once been in the unkind school by the sea. The book is neither monotonous nor depressing; it is alive with humour and character, but sadness is its keynote. The captain and crew of the *Lincoln Star* are set most tellingly before the reader, with their cups of tea, their violent language, their easy skill with all the hard business of the deep-sea trawl. In all that life-like gallery the most alive is the cook, ex-sergeant in the Durham Light Infantry, who made a wedding-cake every Saturday and decorated the saloon with paper daffodils and blue bows—and whose wife was dying of cancer of the breast. The spruce and secretive captain, the wireless operator who read desert-island romances, the deckie who sucked a match-stick and spent a whole watch below looking at a picture of the old woman, the trimmer who wanted to buy a motor bike and see London—Mr. Ommaney's sympathy and understanding has plucked out the heart of their mystery and presented it to the reader. The account of the trawling itself, as the ship steamed slowly through the teeming seas north of Iceland, is fascinating, with all the

business of shooting and bringing in the great bag of net, gutting the fish, and stowing them away in the "chill catacombs" of the fish-room. But the book will be best remembered for the strong and pathetic characters of the men of the sea. A. C. H.

Enter a Child, by Dormer Creston. (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) REMINISCENCES of childhood are many, but not often is there a grace and a glow upon them as in "Enter a Child." Miss Dormer Creston had a curious double experience in childhood, extreme misery at home alternating with deliriously joyful summer holidays. Perfectly well meaning parents made a sensitive child's life so unhappy at home that the thought of suicide once visited her; pleasant companionship and country-house life in Wiltshire gave her, year by year, a dizzily glorious contrast. Humour plays about the country scene, as when childish disaster lurks unjustly in a fish-cake or a phrase, or when the family photograph is not taken, or sympathetic Aunt Flora, eager to put a French governess at her ease but, having forgotten all her French, "would conduct her side of the conversation in broken English." A chapter called "The Picnic on the Downs" brings back the tranquil, opulent splendour of English country-house life before 1914; there is a revealing moment that changed a child "from a barbarian into a lover of letters," and another at which "beauty smote me with a blow of love." This is a book to charm the heart back into a world of early light. V. H. F.

Garden and Hedgerow, by Ethel Armitage. (Country Life, 10s. 6d.) MISS ARMITAGE, somewhere in the pages of her lovely book, uses the beauty of flowers as an argument to prove that there must be "something beyond this place of seeming chaos and cupidity" in which we live. The duller-minded type of scientist may smile at such aspirations, but for many of us they lead in a direction where our own thoughts have turned already, and her book will quite certainly carry every garden-loving reader's mind away from chaos and cupidity to a sphere that, even in this over-harassed world, is a place of peace. "Garden and Hedgerow" is one of those books which are justly named; the garden, its arrangement, its cut flowers, the native shrubs, climbers and rock plants that may add to its attractions, night-scented flowers, and the garden in winter, are among its chapters. It will be seen that some of these subjects pertain to both garden and hedgerow, but there are others entirely devoted to the wildlings, and others again, such as "Names" and "Healing Herbs," which transcend both interests. Nobody who loves either the garden or the wild will fail to find in this book matter that will heighten interest and enjoyment; it is a book for the flower-lover to treasure, a bedside book, a fireside book, a dark day book or a bright day book; and the illustrations—eight lithograph plates from Miss Lucy Barton's collection of drawings of every indigenous British plant—are a feast in themselves of which one would gladly have more. B. E. S.

Hounds, by C. R. Acton. (Heath Cranton, 10s. 6d.) THIS is an account of the visits paid by Mr. and Mrs. Acton to various kennels of foxhounds, harriers and beagles in different parts of the British Isles. They have inspected packs in the Shires, in the north and in the south, and likewise in the west, for Welsh packs such as the Brecon and the Pantysgallog are included—she to use her camera, and he to record with his pen what he saw in each kennel. "Sydney the Standard" is well known to many of us as a sporting writer, so it will be superfluous to add that his accounts give us interesting descriptions of hounds fashionable and hounds unfashionable, but all good fox-catchers or hare-catchers as the case may be. These descriptions are supplemented by Mrs. Acton's snapshots and hound portraits, which form a series of plates at the end of the book and in which we can compare such different types as the Quorn Verger with the rough-coated brown pack of the Pantysgallog.

Let Me Go Back, by Winifred Peck. (Faber, 7s. 6d.) THIS short novel is one of the most interesting of recent months, not only for its subject but for its treatment and for the drawing of the group of men and women concerned in the story, of whom only one—the young doctor—is not a lively and original creation. The story centres in the household of the Dean of Mildrum. The Dean himself, a *poseur*; his wife Fanny, one of those charming women whose wise selflessness holds so many families together; their elder son, exasperated by his father's insincerities and often as insincere himself; their elder daughter, trying to prove herself "hard-boiled"—all are living souls whose very inconsistencies prove their humanity. Then the Dean's wife, undergoing a trivial operation, dies, or at least comes so near to dying that only massage of the heart restores her to life. An indiscreet nursing-home matron talks of what the patient said as she revived—"Let me go back"—and upon that all sorts of expectations are built. For the Dean, there is the possibility of his wife being restored to him with all the glamour of the subject of a miracle; for his son, there is horror at what use his father will make of the event; for the daughter, an unacknowledged longing that the miracle with all that it would imply might be true; for Fanny St. Arthur herself the truth to tell and the difficulty of telling it; and behind the Deanery family are their friends in the Close. It is a fascinating book, in the front rank of this season's novels. B. E. S.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

LAFAYETTE, by W. E. Woodward (Cresset Press, 18s.); BLUE SEAS AND GREEN FIELDS, by Admiral Sir William James (Methuen, 8s. 6d.); CAROLINE OF ENGLAND, by Peter Quennell (Collins, 12s. 6d.); WE SAW HIM ACT: A SYMPOSIUM ON THE ART OF SIR HENRY IRVING, collected and collated by H. A. Saintsbury (Hurst and Blackett, 21s.); THE GERMAN ARMY, by Herbert Rosinski (Hogarth Press, 12s. 6d.); FICTION: NANKING ROAD, by Vicki Baum (Bles, 8s. 6d.); LET THE PEOPLE SING, by J. B. Priestley (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.); TEN LITTLE NIGGERS, by Agatha Christie (Collins, 7s. 6d.); VERSE: COLLECTED POEMS, by Lady Margaret Sackville (Martin Secker, 10s. 6d.).

THE BARN OWL

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY F. GIBSON PHILLIPS

THE dim, ghostly shape of the barn owl dipping silently over the evening hedgerows, its blood-curdling shriek and its predatory and nocturnal habits have sometimes combined to give it a bad reputation with those who have never been able to see it in more favourable circumstances. To the cottager, hearing its screaming cry through the growing darkness of an autumn night, or the solitary walker startled by its low, stealthy flight across his path, it must indeed seem a remote and almost savage creature.

Not that this owl is so extraordinarily fierce; far from it. It is just a highly skilled and methodical rat-killer. It is most conservative in its habits, and adheres strictly to the same routine throughout its life. Only the one nesting hole is used all the year round, in winter as a refuge from the light and cold and in springtime as a place for breeding the young. All its food is found within half a mile or so of this nest, for it never ventures far afield. In time it becomes intimately acquainted with the surrounding countryside. Every barn and hedgerow where the mice are plentiful and the most profitable hunting may be found, is carefully remembered and visited each night with uncanny regularity. Were it not for this, little would be known of the life of the bird, for it is rarely seen, and then only as a dim, ghostly shape, floating over the fields.

This spring, however, I had the opportunity of watching a pair of these birds "at home," a nest in the hollow of an isolated elm tree, some two hundred yards from the outlying barns of a Hampshire village. By the end of May the eggs, which the hen had been patiently incubating for some five weeks, had hatched into three downy, wide-eyed owlets. At first their only interest,



SWALLOWING A SHORT-TAILED FIELD VOLE WHOLE IN ABOUT THREE SECONDS

apart from rest, was a constant desire for food, and the fidelity and content with which their parents hunted and brought back a regular supply of rats and mice would have given heart to the most cynical critic of family life. Throughout the day the whole family roosted inside the nest, and it was not until the sun had long sunk behind the western beeches and the cawing from the near-by rookery had dwindled to silence that either of the owls ventured out. Then, however, the careful watcher, who had had the good fortune to approach unseen and unheard, could see the pair sitting together above the nest, watching the evening close in around them and waiting until the little denizens of the ricks and hedges, unconscious or forgetful of their peril, began to leave the security of their homes. Soon, urged by their own appetites and those of their vociferous young, the birds would fly off in search of prey.

Barn owls are remarkably conservative—the farmer told me that this pair had been nesting in the same tree for twenty years—and, fortunately, the regularity of their habits enables a careful study of their hunting procedure to be made. Always they took the same route: round the village (which they must have known far better than the oldest inhabitant), arriving eventually at the barns, on to the surrounding ricks and hedgerows, and finally to a neighbouring copse. Their business now was to kill food, and observation of the efficiency and dispatch with which it was carried out was a welcome experience for a sufferer from the procrastination and restrictions of civilisation. Sighting a rat, the bird, freezing it in its tracks with an eerie shriek, would drop with a dull thud on to the hapless creature and kill it by striking with her talons and squeezing away its life. Then, bearing the animal back to the nest and changing it from her



SHE RETURNS WITH A DECAPITATED RAT HAVING PROBABLY EATEN THE HEAD



A YOUNG RAT IS TAKEN INTO THE NEST
ALIVE FOR THE OWLETS TO KILL

talon to her beak outside, she would slip into the hole. The vocal enthusiasm of the young was then tremendous, but as the flesh was torn into suitably sized pieces and thrust into their eager mouths, it would sink to a satisfied bubbling.

For some two hours after sunset, food was brought to the young every twenty minutes or so, but during the middle of the night the parents attended to their own needs. Although, as could be told from their cries, they might be hunting quite half a mile away, so great was the call of home that they nearly always returned to perch outside the nest before eating their prey. Here they could be seen swallowing full-grown mice whole, gulping them down in two or three seconds, and I am sure no *gourmet* could consume his meal with more evident relish. Their own appetites satisfied, the parents would again hunt and bring food for the young until the rising sun, and the awakening rooks, warned them that it was time to seek the shelter of the nest for yet another day.



CHANGING THE PREY
FROM TALONS TO BEAK
AT THE ENTRANCE OF
THE NEST



ALARMED FOR A MOMENT BY A NOISE AT THE HIDE

As the young grew stronger the parents came less frequently to the nest and began to teach them to fend for themselves. At the age of about sixty days, one of the young was seen outside for the first time, and it was most amusing to watch its first attempts at climbing and fluttering. The manœuvre of scrambling to the top of the nesting-hole and back was gone through at least half a dozen times before the owlet felt competent to go farther afield. The chicks now began to lose their downy feathers and became slightly smaller but larger-eyed editions of their parents. When about eighty days old, they began to rely on their own ability, though still frequently using the nest both by day and night.

To observe this family of owls, which presented little difficulty, for they were fairly accustomed to the comings

and goings of mankind, was a pleasant and enlightening experience. These birds, which, seen casually, may appear nothing but cold, wild creatures, the constant enemy of the tiny inhabitants of the countryside, shunned even by their fellows, are found to be shy but resourceful country-citizens, fond and dutiful parents, and able hunters. Compared with most other birds, they live in splendid isolation, but within the family circle seem surprisingly affectionate and domesticated. I am sure that the pleasure of watching the calm and efficiency of the nightly life of a nest of barn owls amply repays the attendant discomfort of sleeping in the daytime.

FARMING NOTES

SUGAR BEET—MILK SALES—GROWING KALE—SHEEP PRICES

THOSE who have always criticised the sugar beet subsidy are silenced to-day when the nation can count on getting about a quarter of its sugar supplied from the soil of England. There are large reserves of imported sugar, but it is reassuring also to know that the 1939 beet crop now being lifted is coming fully up to expectations. As the editor of the *British Sugar Beet Review* has put the matter graphically:

"The crop represents, roughly, some 66 ships that the Nazi U-boats cannot sink, and that the Royal Navy will not have to protect. Another way of looking at it is that the figure represents about 23lb. of white sugar per head of the population."

In his chairman's speech at the annual meeting of United Dairies, Limited, Mr. Joseph Maggs told an interesting story of the effect of the outbreak of war on the London milk trade. Sales of milk dropped by 36 per cent. in central London and the West End and by about 20 per cent. in the outer districts. But none of the milk was wasted. The balance went to country depots to be manufactured into butter and other products. The company is now butter-making for the Government. On the other hand, the country distributors of milk, many of them producer-retailers, have found their business expanding rapidly. When the village with a normal population of 300 grew to 450 overnight through the evacuation of town children and mothers, there was a sharp rise in the demand. Houses which ordinarily took a pint now want a quart. There was very little difficulty in meeting this demand in September and October. With plenty of grass in the pastures the cows were milking well. But now that November has come and the grass has lost much of its virtue, milk yields are falling and with some uncertainty about the delivery of suitable feeding-stuffs the dairy cows can hardly be relied upon to maintain the autumn output. Many farmers arrange to calve down most of the cows in the autumn to keep up the winter yield, and, taking the country as a whole, there is no fear of a milk shortage, even though farmers have been disposing of some of their less productive cows for slaughter. Prices for barreners have been tempting—as much as £35 being reached in some markets—and, moreover, it has surely been a national service to provide more



THIS YEAR'S BEET CROP, NOW BEING LIFTED, IS FULLY UP TO EXPECTATIONS. A SCENE NEAR THE BEDFORDSHIRE BORDER

second-class beef at the time when imports of chilled beef were short. The dairy farmer has, in fact, been helping the Ministry of Food to face a difficult situation. Now there is more chilled beef on the way, and we must not expect a continuance of these high prices for meaty cows. In any case, no harm will have been done in most dairies by a drastic culling of the poorest milkers. To-day we can only afford to feed the cow that repays her keep.

Mr. Joseph Maggs had a dig at the County War Agricultural Executive Committees who are requiring dairy farmers to plough up some of their grassland. In his view the ploughing-up policy, unless wisely administered, may easily convert land which is now

economically producing meat and milk to arable which will provide crops which may not be economic. His company may not, we can quite understand, be able to buy milk for manufacturing at surplus prices. But who has suggested that the cropping of extra arable land will be economic? Many fields would not be in grass if it had been economic to plough and crop them during the past ten years. The nation's agricultural policy is no longer dictated by economics. More grain is wanted to feed human beings and livestock because we do not want, even if we could, to import so much wheat, barley, maize and oilcakes. To-day the dairy farmer is really being asked to "plough for milk." It may well be that he will be able to carry on his herd and maintain production through the winter as well as the summer only if he has a farm-grown supply of oats, beans, kale and other fodder crops to provide a reasonably good ration.

Thinking of fodder crops it is good to hear that the County War Agricultural Executive Committees are now authorised to encourage farmers to grow kale and such crops on land freshly ploughed. The Ministry of Agriculture's original idea was that all this new arable should be cropped with corn, potatoes and a few other approved crops if the farmer was to be eligible for the £2 an acre ploughing grant. The County Committees have now been given wider discretion. If they see fit they can give the grant to the hill farmer who will plough to grow kale or to re-seed to gain an improved grass sward. Corn is not to be the only



HOME SUGAR PRODUCTION REPRESENTS ABOUT 23 POUNDS OF WHITE SUGAR PER HEAD OF THE POPULATION. LOADING BEET FOR THE FACTORY

consideration in the food production campaign. Moreover, if a farmer has a grass field in weedy condition, say, overrun with couch, he can, at the Committee's discretion, plough and clean the field with a bare fallow next summer, and still be eligible for the grant. This is common sense. That field should, if the following job is done properly, be in really good fettle for growing a wheat crop next autumn.

* * *

Barley, fortunately for corn growers on light land, has been allowed to make its full price. The brewers have been cheerfully paying 50s. a quarter for malting samples which they would not have looked at last year even at 30s. a quarter. Well,

the brewers can probably afford to pay a remunerative price to the growers, and an extra price for barley can have little appreciable effect on the price of beer. The public can have no grievance because the barley grower is able to make a good price this year. Those who farm the light lands where barley and sheep are the mainstays deserve a turn of good luck. They have had several lean years, and their farm accounts need an influx of cash. They should also be on a good wicket with their sheep folded on roots or sugar-beet tops. We can look forward to a steady price for mutton sheep from now onwards, and the farmer who bought lambs to feed at 30s. to 35s. each in August should see a satisfactory return this year. Those of us who sold our store lambs in August reckoned without Hitler.

CINCINNATUS.

A REVIVAL OF CHARCOAL BURNING

A POSSIBLE SOURCE OF REVENUE FOR LANDOWNERS AND FARMERS

ON visiting the Rufus Stone in the New Forest a few days ago I was reminded that charcoal burning is a very ancient industry in this country, for the body of King William was removed to Winchester on the cart of a charcoal burner over 800 years ago. But modern "batteries" of charcoal-burning retorts in the woods of the Longleat estates near Warminster bring home to one the great advance in methods even in the short time since the Great War days, when there was a big revival in the industry.

Each retort or kiln is, in shape, like a small silo; but the ancient way was to dig a pit in the forest, or to construct a kiln by covering in a pile of wood with turf or soil. This has become obsolete, partly because, like thatching and other rural industries, it is a craft where skilled men are now few, and partly because of the waste of time and material which is to a great extent eliminated by the modern method. The new kilns produce better charcoal and have the great advantage that they can be worked by any intelligent man with a little practice, and skill acquired by long years of experiment, as the old-time craftsman acquired his, is not necessary. At the Royal Agricultural Show at Windsor a modern kiln was exhibited, and it created considerable interest. Besides the fact that the farm or estate is a potential producer of charcoal, it has to be remembered that the product is useful in stock-feeding—particularly poultry—preparations. Just now there is a great demand for it for defence purposes, and in settled times the requirements of industry are likely to grow rapidly. Artificial silk manufacture gives an increasing demand.

The kiln illustrated, which is one of a battery of a dozen that the writer has observed and carefully investigated in use, takes something over a ton of oak or hard wood, and about a ton or "cord" of waste wood. This is packed in the container with a small supply of kindling wood in the centre. The first section being fully packed, another section is added and likewise dealt with. This section fits on the top in a channel, and clay or earth is packed round to keep it air-tight. Finally, a third or upper section is added, and when the filling is complete the lid is added. The whole construction is carefully arranged so as to reduce labour to the minimum and to produce the maximum efficiency. Such a portable apparatus is also easy to move, and

can be taken to the timber supply rather than the wood being brought to it. The movable workshop of the Chiltern chair-leg bodger has long recognised that this is the right principle for economy of labour.

There is a pipe extending from the outside at ground level to the centre of the kiln. Through this a rod with a ball of rag soaked in paraffin and lighted is inserted, and this sets fire to the kindling wood.

In the lid there are four openings near the circumference and a large one at the centre, and these assist in producing a current of air.

Until the wood is well alight and a fair volume of smoke is emitted the central aperture is fully open, then it is closed. The four other holes are left open until the smoke comes away from them. This goes on until the upper part of the kiln is so hot that it is uncomfortable to the hand. All openings are then closed and the hot air proceeds through an inner guide tube of sheet steel which provides a space between itself and the outer walls of the kiln, and passes along to the four tall chimneys shown.

Incoming air to feed the combustible material is fed through the one inlet and is thus easily controlled. It passes all round the base of the kiln and by scientific distribution in channels at the bottom is supplied equally to all parts. The process produces charcoal.

It should be observed that it is not by the burning of wood—after the initial kindling—that charcoal is produced, but by the release of combustible gases which, together with the effect of the oxygen in the incoming air, carbonises the wood.

When no further smoke comes from the four long chimneys they are detached and their outlets from the kiln closed with soil or clay, and it is allowed to cool off gradually.

When the whole kiln has cooled down it is taken to pieces and the charcoal removed. In the experiments the writer observed about five hundredweight of charcoal was the average product from a kiln. That would pack in about twelve bags. The battery was producing 300 bags on an average each week from the top and lop in a wood clearing scheme. Yield depends on the nature of the wood and local conditions, but it is safe to say the kiln is at least 10 per cent. more efficient than the old-time forest method. The kiln takes twenty-four hours for a burning. There is a ready sale for the product, and indeed at present the supply is far short of the demand. We import thousands of tons a year, and in time of emergency, when demands for national purposes would be at a maximum, the shipping may not always be available. There is room for a much more scientific treatment of our woodlands on the lines set out by the Forestry Commission in their model areas, and greater production will lead to an expansion of processes connected with utilisation of home-grown timber and its products. Charcoal is being used for heating greenhouses, for running transport vehicles and tractors, and for many other purposes which the producing estate might consider.

I was attracted to the scene of some of this work by the smoke and the pleasant odour, reminiscent of the smoking of kippers in our fishing centres—because the wood in use was oak. Others who happen to be in the neighbourhood of such operations will find a visit well worth while. The kiln, which is specially designed for farm and estate use, is the Dunker, made by the Unique Charcoal Retort Company and is a British product. It commends itself to the notice of those who have waste wood which may thus be cashed.

W. L. JULYAN.



THE KILN ALMOST READY FOR THE LID



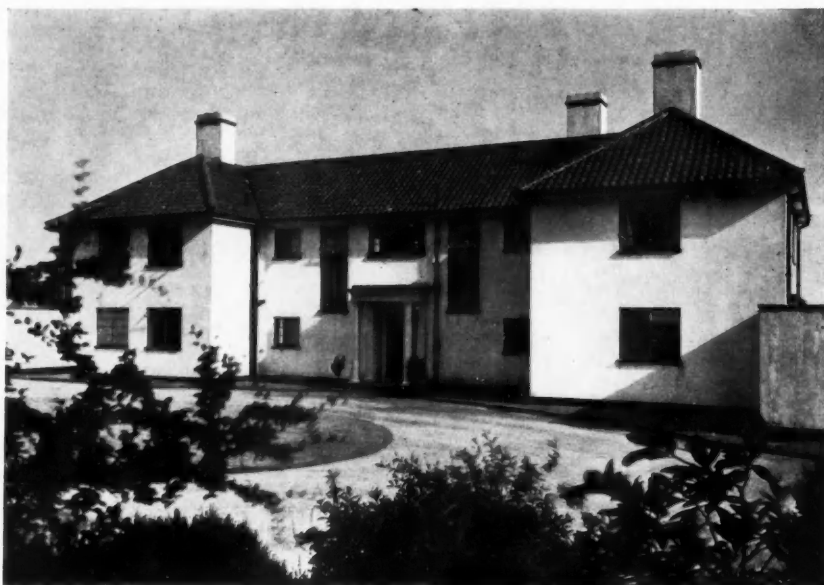
PACKING THE SECOND SECTION OF THE KILN

A COUNTRY HOUSE OF TO-DAY

"PACKWAYS," NEAR PETERSFIELD: DESIGNED BY MESSRS. UNSWORTH, GOULDER AND BOSTOCK

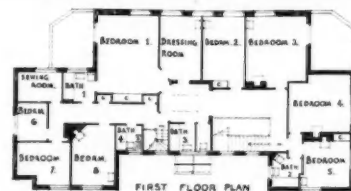
AT the present time, country-house building has practically come to a standstill, but there is none the less interest in studying what others have done, especially in relation to the house which we may have in mind to build for ourselves in the future. It may be taken for granted that economy in building and economy in running will be more than ever necessary. In every grade of society this house question has its own particular needs. At one end of the scale is the smallest cottage, at the other the country house of magnitude, though it is many years since people were in a position to build that extensive and affluent type of house which used to be pictured on the walls of the Academy in the days before the last War. There is, however, for many, the need for a country house that provides really comfortable accommodation at moderate cost, and embodied in a design that is neither starkly modern nor semi-period. Messrs. Unsworth, Goulder and Bostock, like other architects, have had clients who desired this, and very successfully they have met their wishes. In that delightful part of Hampshire which embraces Liphook and Petersfield they have recently built several houses of the kind indicated. One of these, called "Packways," is here shown. It was built for Sir Philip and Lady Browne. Very direct and pleasing in design, most conveniently planned, and well equipped, it is just the sort of house that many people want—neither too big nor too small, and fully meeting modern requirements.

The house is situated on a wooded site sloping to the south with fine views of the South Downs, and is approached by a drive from the north-west which terminates in a forecourt opposite the symmetrical north front of the house. The central front entrance is flanked on either side with projecting wings, from which further walls project, screening the garden on one side and the service quarters on the other. A pillared porch of

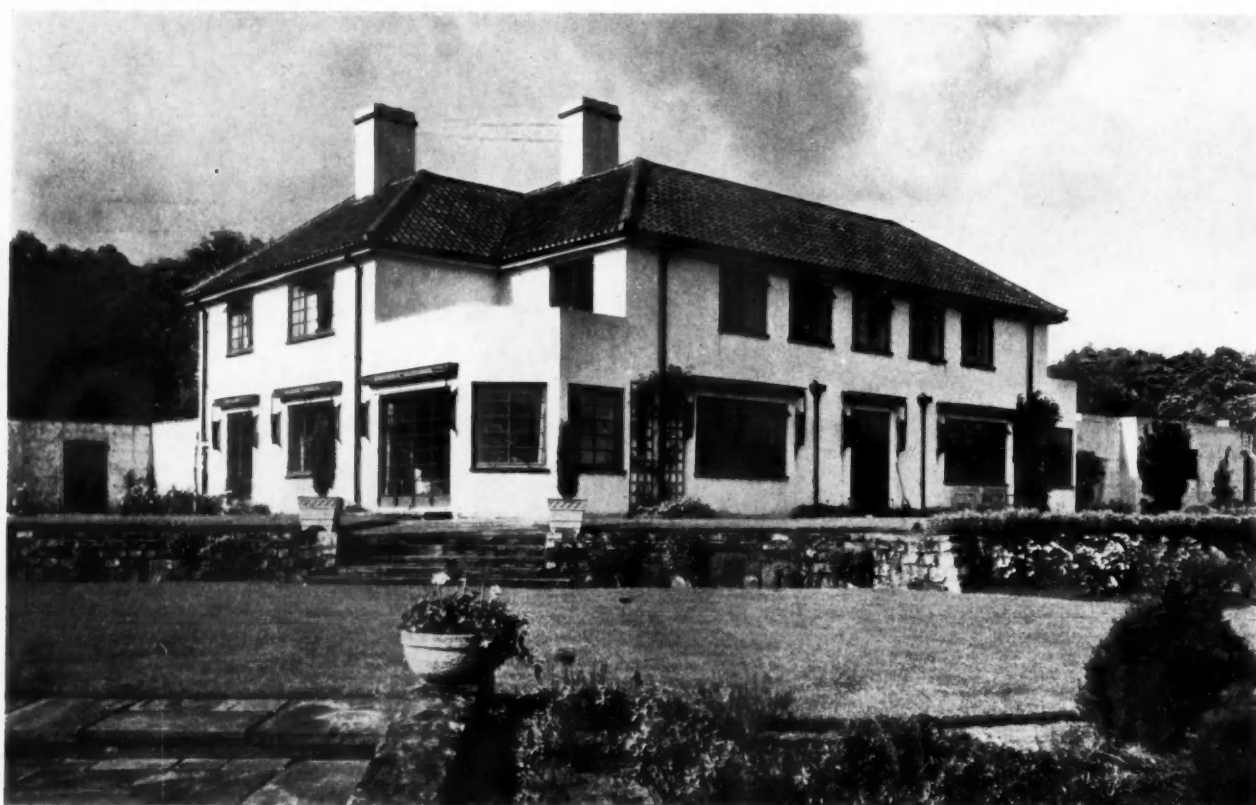
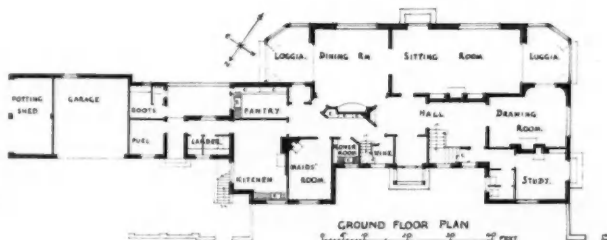


(Above) THE ENTRANCE FRONT

(Below) THE GARDEN FRONT



The plans are schemed to provide a series of good-sized rooms with a minimum of waste in passage floor space



traditional character marks the entry, which gives access through a square lobby to the hall. This has a triangular end, the centre of which is in the form of an alcove arranged to display flowers with concealed lighting from below. The main staircase is of solid construction, the treads being in oak and the risers and capping to the plastered balustrading being of Swedish green marble.

The principal sitting-room is placed on the south front with a pair of doors communicating with the dining-room to facilitate circulation when entertaining. Each of these rooms has wide folding glass doors dividing them from glazed loggias at the south-east and south-west corners of the house, the glazing in the latter being arranged so that it can be folded back, leaving the loggias open in hot weather.

At the west end of the house is a drawing-room, which also communicates with the south-west loggia, and in the north-west corner of the house are a small study and a well appointed cloakroom.

As the south-east loggia is used for meals, it communicates through a service lobby with the kitchen quarters, which are planned at the east end of the house in a compact manner, at the same time facilitating service. They comprise a working kitchen, pantry, larders, and maids' sitting-room, with a double service door direct to the dining-room and a service staircase to the first floor. A flower room is also provided, and storage for wine.

The sitting-room is panelled in chestnut from floor to ceiling, the panels being relieved by reeded pilasters without caps or bases. Bookcases are built in, producing a very neat appearance, and there is a modern firegrate in the centre of the long inner wall. This room is of generous dimensions, 30ft. by 15ft., and most comfortably furnished.

On the first floor two suites of bedrooms and dressing-rooms face south, the bedrooms having glass doors leading on to wide balconies over the loggias, and in one case a private bathroom is



THE SITTING-ROOM IS PANELLED IN CHESTNUT, AND THE FLOOR IS COVERED WITH CHINESE WOOL CARPETS

provided. A further suite of bedroom, dressing-room and bathroom is planned at the west end of the house, and another bathroom opens off the main landing. At the east end of the house, and planned independently, are three servants' bedrooms, a sewing room, servants' bathroom, linen cupboards, etc. Altogether there are eight bedrooms and three bathrooms.

The house is of brick construction, the external walls finished in a light cream plaster of slightly rough texture. The roof is covered with dull red pantiles, and the metal casements and doors are painted green. Outbuildings and garage adjoin the house on the east side, and an outside staircase leads down from the walled-in yard to the heating chamber.

Externally and internally it is thoroughly English in character, designed primarily for comfort and convenience, not for appearance, but presenting nevertheless a very comely face. It is especially interesting as a house that meets modern requirements without being too modern.

RANDAL PHILLIPS.



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THE DINING-ROOM, LOOKING THROUGH INTO THE BREAKFAST LOGGIA



"Country Life"

THE STAIRCASE HAS OAK TREADS AND GREEN MARBLE RISERS AND CAPPING

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

THE LINKS UNVISITED

EVERYBODY, or nearly everybody, has some gaps in his golfing education, and I know very well that there are a few sad ones in mine. None perhaps in England of a very serious character, but I am painfully conscious of Portrush and Lahinch in Ireland, of Tenby in Wales, and in Scotland of at least three glaring ones—Dornoch, Islay, and Machrihanish. I am now conscious of a fourth. I have been looking at the *Golfer's Calendar* for next year, which Messrs. Collingridge have just published (indeed, I had a little something to do with it), and therein is the photograph of Lossiemouth, which appears on this page. Well, I now realise with sorrow that I have never seen Lossiemouth, and I wish I had, because this picture, unlike many golfing pictures, really does give a notion of what sort of course it is, and one cannot look at it without seeing that here is the real thing, the "genuine stunning." The first hole, I gather, has a second shot to be steered between a ridge on the right and Mount Lebanon on

uphold. There are great and beloved courses of which the first glimpse gives no clue to their real quality. I suppose nobody has ever visited St. Andrews without having first seen a photograph of the first and last holes. If he had not he would doubtless be disappointed by the flatness and apparent dullness. And yet I am not sure, for the curve of the bay is so beautiful, and the line of sandhills, though oddly enough little golfing use is made of them, so clearly portends richness. At any rate, the first sight of Hoylake is unquestionably dull, almost depressing: so urban, so flat, so lacking in feature save for the turf dykes which are in themselves rather ugly and rectangular. There is here little to suggest the glories to come. Even Sandwich, by which I mean St. George's, is far from revealing at once all or nearly all that is in store. It is only when we get near the second green that, in the best journalese, the full splendour of the scene bursts upon us. Much the same may be said of Deal; but on the third of that great trinity of Kentish



THE FIRST TEE AT LOSSIEMOUTH

the left. Is that hill pleasantly streaked and pied with sand, which I see in the distance, Mount Lebanon? I am not sure, but I do feel sure what sort of country the course is made of—not too mountainous, but pleasantly undulating, with fine broken ground to catch the erratic shot. I know that with a wind on my left I should, being rather stiff, cut my first tee shot into that sandy country on the right, if not into the white, sandy road, if not into the water. At least, I think I know which is nearly as good, and I have got a distinct picture of Lossiemouth in my mind's eye.

The worst of it is that if I ever do go there, not only will the course inevitably differ from my imaginary picture, but that picture will instantly dissolve and never, no matter how I shut my eyes, will it come back. It is ever thus with these pictures that we make beforehand. They are of the too fragile stuff of which dreams are made. I have constantly tried to contrast the visited with the unvisited, the real with the imaginary and never wholly succeeded. At the first touch of reality the fancy is apt to crumble. Till last spring I had never seen the new Birkdale, which was almost as much as to say that I had never seen Birkdale at all. Here is certainly one of the most magnificent stretches of golfing country in the whole world, and the course is admittedly a fine one; yet I cannot help feeling that my dream one, of which I can recall one or two faint fragments, was even finer still. Perhaps the disappointing truth is this, that no course can be so good as that which we imagine when we see a piece of ideal country, as yet untouched by the architect. Every time I go to my own Aberdovey I see, as the train draws into the station, a little unused piece of the links, full of lovely, gentle undulations and sandy ridges, and I think sadly that, much as I love the real course, there is no part of it quite so romantically beautiful as that waste land.

That this is invariably the case I will not go so far as to

courses, Prince's, we see straightway that "Providence obviously designed this for a golf links." Those often-quoted words were, of course, spoken by General Moncrieffe at Westward Ho! but it is to be remembered that they sprang to his lips by the Pebble Ridge and in the country of sandhills that begins now about the fourth hole. If he had only seen the flat country near the present club-house and the not very engaging waters of the burn, he might not have been so enthusiastic. And yet, as it has turned out, it is rather those flat holes that make for the greater difficulty if not the greater charm of the course.

Indeed, it may almost be laid down as a rule that the flat courses never make the most immediate appeal: we have to get to know them gradually in order to appreciate them, and then we probably realise that they are the best of all. If I have to name courses with which the beholder must fall in love at first sight, they must all be of the more hilly variety. Burnham, Saunton, Prestwick, Newcastle in County Down—these are but a few of them. Nor must there be left altogether out of account the inland courses of heather and fir trees. Nobody could gaze for the first time on the tremendous stretch of Walton Heath, or at Ganton, or at Liphook, without knowing that he was going to enjoy himself. How exciting it is, too, to come suddenly out of a tract of ordinary, agricultural country and find ourselves in a sandy paradise! That breath-taking joy is to be had in greater perfection perhaps at Pulborough. And so I might go on recalling the excitement of these first glimpses. As something of an epicure in golfing sensations I declare that the ideal moment for enjoying them is in the evening. I like to come to new golfing pastures when the light is just beginning to fade, when there is only time to get a general notion of the course and for perhaps an iron shot or two before dusk. The real discoveries will come on the morrow, and meanwhile one can gloat over the assurance that they will be pleasant ones.

CORRESPONDENCE

"LE CARREFOUR DE L'ARMISTICE"

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—So much of the fighting in the present war has been taking place in thick woodland that it is interesting to remember that the last war actually terminated in a forest clearing. The forest of Compiègne, about fifty-five square miles in extent, is criss-crossed by hunting avenues (in the usual straight French style) pierced by Louis XIV. It was in a clearing, about five miles from Compiègne town, that the two famous trains met and stopped and that the German Plenipotentiaries climbed into the Allies' *Wagon-Restaurant*, which was bursting with French generals and British admirals and their secretaries.

This historic spot has been "laid out" since by the French; and perhaps a trifle too neatly. Instead of the smashed and battered forest clearing there is a trim, well gravelled circle. But sections of the two sets of rails have been left in place, and disappear realistically into the forest. These were, of course, never the main-line tracks, only a temporary war railway to carry material up to the front through the cover of the forest. A statue of Foch looks down on this culmination of his struggle.

The famous restaurant car—recently in the Invalides Museum at Paris—is now on its old track again, but has been run into a little shelter to preserve it from the weather.
—C. A. HARRISON.

A FEARLESS FOX CUB

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—These photographs, I hope, will be of interest to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, particularly as they were taken in a manner the reverse of that usually adopted by nature photographers. I came upon the fox cub by accident. I was out one morning on Dartmoor, where I was staying, taking photographs of the moors. As the clouds began to pile up before I had taken the photograph I most wanted, I started running towards some "tor" rocks, carrying my camera on its tripod. As the wind was fairly strong, I had put my camera, an Agfa "Speedex Record," on the tripod to enable me to hold it still. I had also a pair of Wellingtons which were too big for me and made a loud clapping noise as I ran. When I was between thirty or forty yards from the rocks, I caught sight of a fox cub sitting quite still and watching me. I stopped immediately, but as the wind was blowing straight from me to him, and he had been watching me for some time, I decided to advance slowly towards him. This I did, but my Wellingtons still made a great deal of noise, and the camera on its tripod was very awkward. However, the cub seemed not at all disturbed, and I soon arrived at the rocks themselves. There I had to do some climbing, and dislodged a rock with the tripod; the cub then retreated behind the rock as in the first picture, but showed no



WHERE THE ARMISTICE WAS SIGNED TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO

other sign of further disquiet. He watched me with great interest while I removed the camera from the tripod. Then I sat down and took the first photograph. Being rather short of film, I decided to wait before I took another. After a time he came from behind the rock and curled himself up on the left of the rock in the first photograph. There he lay for over half an hour, then finally yawned and stretched and started to walk away. I then took the second photograph, but since, just before the camera clicked, my foot moved a stone, the cub put his ears back as the camera caught him. He then circled round the rocks and trotted off towards a stream.

On inspecting the spot where he had been lying, I found the earth, which I then photographed. This cub showed singularly little of the fear and shyness one might have expected in one of his age. I consider myself very lucky to be in possession of these photographs.—BARBARA NEWTON.

THE BRITISH CAR

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Will you allow me space in your columns to draw attention—particularly the attention of the motor and allied trades—to what is in my opinion a matter of considerable importance?

At the end of the last war it was impossible for the public to buy new British cars or to obtain satisfaction as to a definite date of delivery, with the result that American manufacturers stepped in and monopolised the British market. When motor manufacturers in this country were again in production, it took a "Buy British" publicity campaign to regain the home market, and this was largely due to the fact that the buying public of 1918 had become unfamiliar with the prominent makes of English cars.

Although Rolls-Royce are now entirely engaged upon the manufacture of aero engines

and will not make any motor vehicles during war-time, we intend to continue to advertise in order to keep the public informed of our activities and thus preserve our goodwill for the future. I believe it would be in the interest of all makers of British cars to do the same, irrespective of whether they continue to turn out any private vehicles, because by so doing they will retain an invaluable asset—namely, their goodwill with the public—which will surely stand them in good stead when later on they return to normal working conditions.—A. F. SIDGREAVES, Managing Director, Rolls-Royce, Limited, Duffield Bank House, Duffield, near Derby.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SMALL PIG PRODUCERS

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Something more tangible could be done to link the allotment movement with the spread of producing bacon pigs at this time of emergency. In certain areas, where

piggeries could be conducted without creating a nuisance to near-by residents, allotment holders could at very little expense erect their sties and raise a considerable amount of green meat for their pigs. This, fed along with the dry foods that are so near perfect in their constituents, would go far to making bacon production easy and profitable. It was done in a rough-and-ready way during the last war; it can be accomplished nowadays under better conditions than existed in that fateful period. Pigs to-day can weather almost any kind of conditions, and, given a tolerably clean bed—a pig never makes a real mess of his own bed—and a dry bed, he will thrive well, even if his sty does not admit his roaming about. Yet he should have air and proper ventilation in his sty. Free drainage of the sty is an essential. Hence it should have a gentle slope. The floor must be kept perfectly clean. At times a pig will display a propensity for scattering his bed around the sty and squatting himself on the bare floor instead of resting on the dry litter which has been provided him. Such display of "cussedness" can be prevented if he is given something in his sty to snout and turn over. Green food and roots raised on the allotment will appeal to him when he is in this exuberant mood. The roof of a sty should always be impervious to rain and to frost. It should be made of something that will render the interior neither too cold in winter nor too hot in summer. If corrugated galvanised iron is used, an underlining of straw will keep out both frost and sun. This inside lining must be removed frequently and burnt, in case it harbours vermin. The pig must feed in his out-run, or at a point as far as possible from his bed. The authorities behind the allotment movement have done wonders to increase its spread during the past three years, and it is gratifying to learn that the Government intend to back this movement up very soon.—G. BARTON.



THE CUB POSES FOR HIS PORTRAIT—AND AFTER HALF AN HOUR DECIDES TO WALK AWAY



TWO THATCHED CHURCHES IN SUFFOLK. (Left) UGGESHALL; (right) THEBERTON

THATCHED CHURCHES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed additional snapshot of a thatched place of worship may be of interest, since it shows an "out-of-the-way church in East Anglia"—Uggeshall, near Southwold. In one respect it is the more remarkable because even the tower is thatched, but of course the upper and wooden part of this tower is modern: it dates only from 1920. The base of the tower, like most of the church, is mainly flint—it was clearly intended to carry a substantial superstructure—but there is also a charming admixture of brick, old tile and stone. Viewed from within, the tower has an unexpectedly delicate and graceful arch, closely similar in detail and style to some at Canterbury Cathedral.—J. D. U. W.

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The interesting article "Some Thatched Roofs" in COUNTRY LIFE of October 21st induces me to send you a photograph of Theberton Church, Suffolk, which has a thatched roof and tiling along the ridge. Theberton is, as "J. D. U. W." says, one of the out-of-the-way churches of East Anglia; the village lies north-east of Saxmundham and much nearer the coast. In addition to its thatched roof the church has just now another point of some interest, for in the small churchyard are buried the men of the crew of a Zeppelin which was brought down near by in June, 1917.—H. RAIT KERR.

FROM GRANDMOTHER'S KITCHEN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—An instance of how war takes us back many decades in human progress is provided by the return to usefulness of an appliance from my grandmother's kitchen, kept for many years merely as an interesting "antique," the old steel sugar-cutters. As the picture shows, the cutters have the business ends arrow-pointed, but otherwise they are much in the form of secateurs. With them it is the easiest possible grip that enables a lump of sugar to be economically cut in two, and in these days,



FOR CUTTING SUGAR

when we cannot make two lumps spring where once one came, we can make two lumps serve for one and thus accustom ourselves to the war-time economies which are so necessary. The wonder is that in cutting lump sugar there is so little waste.—G. C.

[This useful instrument is to be found in some old kitchens, and is commonly used by confectioners for dissecting toffee.—Ed.]

THE MONUMENT ON PITT DOWN

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—One of the strangest monuments to an animal in the country is on top of wind-swept Pitt Down, near Farley, on the old Roman road from Winchester to Salisbury. A landmark for many miles, on top of the down to the left of the road, is the sporting monument, so typical of the traditional English hunting spirit. A famous hunter was buried underneath it, and



IN MEMORY OF A HORSE

owned by the well known Hampshire huntsman Paulet St. John. Nearly two hundred years ago, while hunting over the down, the horse leaped into a chalk pit twenty-five feet deep with his master on his back. The horse was unhurt, but the master badly shaken. Thirteen months later the horse won a Hampshire classic race on Worthy Down, near Winchester, under the name "Beware Chalk Pit." To commemorate this seemingly impossible sporting adventure of his horse, Paulet St. John, when the animal died a few years later, had him buried on Pitt Down, and erected the monument to Hampshire's most famous hunter.—A. T. L.

CHILDREN'S ROOMS FOR INNS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—May I suggest that children's rooms and gardens for refreshment and recreation should be made a regular feature of the magnificent new inns now being built in many parts of the country? The pitiful spectacle of children waiting outside inns, in cold or wet weather, is the worst effect, still felt, of the misguided efforts of thirty years ago to suppress the inn. The evil cannot be remedied by further repressive legislation. People of modest means, unable to entertain much in their own homes, must always turn for companionship and relaxation to the inn, and to restrict the inn's usefulness is merely to spoil that form of social recreation the nation has always liked best.

The special advantages of children's rooms in inns at the present time, when so few recreational facilities exist, are obvious. Mothers would not be tied to their homes

in the evenings, but could accompany their husbands to the inns, with the result that a higher standard of conduct would prevail.

As long ago as 1910, only two years after the restriction had been introduced, a spokesman for the Government responsible for the clause excluding children from licensed premises admitted that, in the opinion of many magistrates, it had done more harm than good. The Royal Commission on Licensing stated that "as the standard of conditions in licensed premises advances there will be a justification for a progressive, though carefully guarded, extension of the facilities at present allowed by law in respect of the admission of children."

Obviously, these children's rooms ought not to be forbidden territory for the inn's customers. A man and his wife should be able in the same room to have a chat over their glass of beer while their children play or have a glass of milk or lemonade. At one beer garden in the north a section is set aside as the children's garden, with swings and toys. That is an ideal arrangement. Licensing benches and brewing firms might, I suggest, well work together to develop such amenities.—C. ELGOOD.

CLAYTON TUNNEL

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."
SIR,—The entrance to the railway tunnel at Clayton on the Brighton line as shown in the accompanying photograph might easily be mistaken for the fortified gate-house of a mediaeval castle. But the illusion is partly dispelled by the unmediaeval cottage curiously placed between the turrets. Castellated Gothic competed with Classic Renaissance in the early railway architecture, and those who favoured the former took full advantage of the fine opportunity presented by the cavernous entry of a tunnel mouth. It has been suggested that the inhabitants of the cottage, in addition to their "mediaeval" fortifications, would have a thoroughly up-to-date form of protection in the air-raid shelter provided by the tunnel below.—R. D. J.

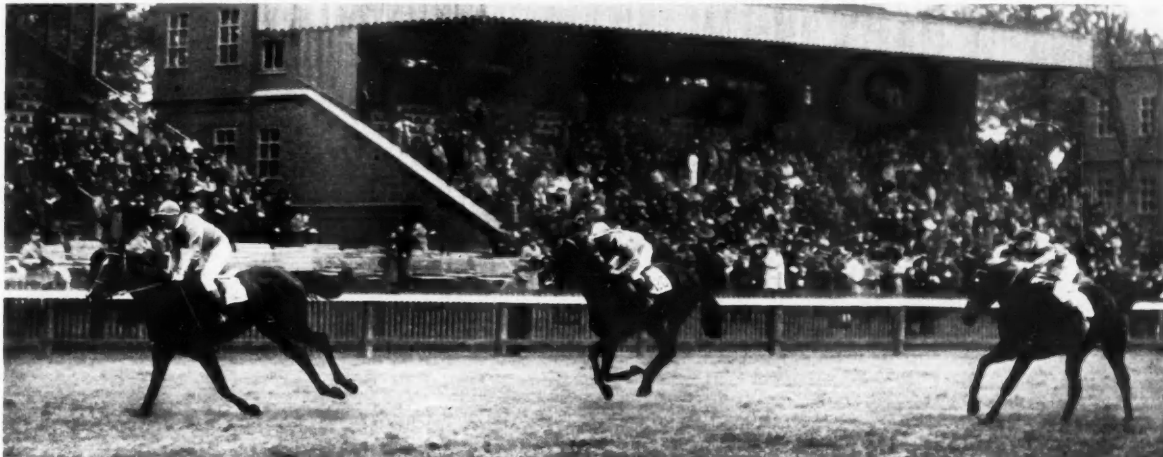
[Some examples of "Early English Tunnel Mouths" were illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of May 8th, 1937.—Ed.]



A CASTELLATED TUNNEL MOUTH

NEWBURY AND NEWMARKET

TWO SUCCESSFUL RACE-MEETINGS



THE FINISH OF THE MIDDLE PARK STAKES AT NEWMARKET

M. Boussac's Djebel winning from the Maharaja of Kolahapur's Tant Mieux, the favourite, and Godiva

THOUGH the first new fixture at Newbury and the second at Newmarket were each confined to two days, what was lacking in quantity was made up in quality, and representative attendances paid tribute to the efficiency of the executives and the railway companies. Altogether some very excellent sport was seen. The feature of the first day at Newbury was the Highclere Plate, a six furlong race for two year olds, which attracted a field of thirteen and was won by Lord Astor's Golden Penny from Prince Tetra and Thyrese. A chestnut filly of great quality, with a long, easy action, the winner claims the Derby and St. Leger winner, Hyperion, as her sire; her dam, Pennycomequick, who won the Oaks and two other events of £9,042, is by the St. Leger victor, Hurry On, from Plymstock, a granddaughter of the foundation mare, Conjure, who was bought by Lord Astor while an undergraduate at Oxford for £100 with the idea of breeding steeplechasers. Many good horses and classic winners have descended from this tap-root, and in Golden Penny Lord Astor has a filly well worthy of her heritage. Prince Tetra, who finished second and is reckoned by Captain Long to be about 14lb. inferior to the best of his age, belongs to Lord Hirst and is by Tetratema—now in his twenty-second year—from Princess Sublime, a King William mare who has bred a number of winners, including Peace Pact, Light o' Love and Celestial Way. This colt emanated from Mr. George Lambton's Moreton Stud and cost Lord Hirst 1,150gs. as a yearling. Thyrese is another daughter of Hyperion to like. A bay instead of showing the chestnut hue of the winner, she is a rare-topped, good-shouldered filly of the best quality; her dam, Tumult, is a Tetratema mare from a half-sister to Pal o' Mine and Beneficial.

On the second day at Newbury about the best-class field of horses that has faced the gate this season turned out for the White Horse Plate, a mile and five furlongs race, worth £249 to the winner. Among the runners there were Scottish Union, who ran second in the Derby last year, and won the St. Leger; Challenge, who finished second in that Doncaster classic; Fox Cub, who was runner up to Blue Peter in this year's Derby; Fairchance, who was second to Portmarnock in the Hyperion Stakes at Hurst Park; the Manchester Cup and Hare Park Handicap victor, Maranta; Atout Maitre, hero of the Ascot Gold Vase and Gatwick St. Leger Trial Stakes; that good Cup horse, Senor; and the much talked-of Derby "dark horse," Buxton. Fox Cub, who is a son of the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Foxhunter, and belongs to Mr. Edward Esmond, was a hot favourite, but had to be content with third place behind Atout Maitre and Fairchance. When the race was over, it was justifiable to wonder what would have happened to Blue Peter and Pharis II if the Doncaster St. Leger had not been abandoned. Speculation of this kind when there is no possibility of a solution is interesting but not very helpful. Let it be said that in Atout Maitre Mr. Herbert Blagrove has a horse of whom he may well be proud and on whose condition he is to be congratulated. Bred like Bois Roussel by M. Volterra in France, Atout Maitre claims the French Two Thousand Guineas winner, Vatout, as his sire; his dam, Royal Mistress, was a Teddy mare, who came from Tout Paris, a daughter of St. Frusquin, who was bred at Sledmere and, after being sold to Lord Michelham for 3,500gs. as a yearling, was covered by Spearmint in 1915, and exported to France. Rumour has it that Mr. Blagrove turned down an Australian offer of £5,000 for Atout Maitre at Goodwood; it would be no surprise to learn that this was true, as the colt would appear to have next year's Ascot Gold Cup, whether run for on the Royal Heath or at Newmarket, completely at his mercy. It is pleasing to see such a brilliant horse in the ownership of such a great sportsman.

A bitterly cold wind rather spoiled the opening day of the second meeting at Newmarket. For all that there was a good,

representative attendance. Cars were there in abundance; indeed, the rationing of petrol seems to have had little effect on the use of cars by those who need them. The Middle Park Stakes, so often referred to as the "Two Year Old Derby," was the great feature on the card, but first some very useful youngsters measured their worth in the Heath Plate, a five furlongs event, which opened the programme. This race was won by Sir John Jarvis's Epilobeum, a son of the Royal Hunt Cup winner, Epinard, who scored at the last meeting, but more interest from a breeder's point of view centred round Mr. James Rank's chestnut filly, Dignity, who finished second, and Trois Pistoles, a colt belonging to Mr. R. S. Clark, who filled third place. An own-brother to Panorama, by Sir Cosmo from Happy Climax, Dignity is a good short-backed filly who next season will get back over short-distance courses some of the 4,000gs. that her owner paid for her as a yearling. Trois Pistoles, on the other hand, is a colt with classic possibilities; his sire, as with Bois Roussel and Atout Maitre, is the French Two Thousand Guineas winner, Vatout; his dam, Gala Day II, is also responsible for the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks victress, Galatea II. Even now he does credit to his trainer, Mr. Harry Peacock, but, given a winter over his head, he will do better. He is a colt who will be both interesting and profitable to follow.

In the substitute Middle Park Stakes, twenty faced the gate, and the winner turned up in M. M. Boussac's French-bred colt, Djebel, who had the French-bred Tant Mieux and the filly, Godiva, as his nearest attendants. A medium-sized, lightly built colt, showing little room for improvement, Djebel is, like the French Derby winner, Cillas, and the Gimcrack Stakes victor, Goya II, by the French Derby winner, Tourbillon, a descendant of the Epsom Derby winner, Durbar II. He is, incidentally, not eligible for entry in the General Stud Book. Tant Mieux, who was owned by the Aly Khan and the Hon. Mr. Peter Beatty in partnership, now made his debut in the orange livery of his new owner, H.H. the Maharaja of Kolahapur. His sire was the Royal Hunt Cup winner, Asterus; his dam, Tantine, came from Tricky Aunt, a half-sister to the well known winners, Copy-right and Vermilion Pencil. Looking ahead at their prospects, neither appealed as much as Trois Pistoles; unless a very big mistake has been made, Mr. Peacock's charge is one of the best seen this season. None of the other runners for the Middle Park Stakes gave notable performances. Scottish Union's half-brother, the unnamed colt from Trustful, who cost 13,000gs. at the last Doncaster auction, faded out at the distance; Paques, who is by Singapore and, like the "Guineas" winner, Pasch, is out of Pasca, did little better; and neither Moradabad or Turkhan, from the Fitzroy House stable, were ever prominent. As a race the Middle Park Stakes was interesting, but as a guide to the future it was disappointing. It would seem that the two year olds of 1939 are not of a vintage lot, and it is to "dark horses" that we shall have to look for the classic winners of 1940.

The second day at Newmarket was favoured by far more congenial weather, and Sir Alfred Butt's Paprika opened the programme by scoring in the Richmond Nursery Handicap. He went on to win, as he was generally expected to, the substitute Cesarewitch with Cantatrice II, a four year old brown filly by the French Derby winner, Fiterari, who was successful at the last meeting and is, like the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Le Ksar and William of Valence, who is at Captain Ingram's stud at Bletchley, from Queen Iseult. A writer in a contemporary has facetiously suggested that Cantatrice's name should be altered to Canter Twice; this was made before the result of the Cesarewitch was known; it is now more than ever apt, as the filly won the long-distance handicap in just as easy fashion as she did the Melbourn Plate a fortnight earlier.

ROYSTON.

THE ESTATE MARKET

LETTINGS AND SOME SALES



GREAT TANGLEY MANOR, NEAR GUILDFORD

ALTHOUGH business is naturally on a restricted scale, vendors and agents have reason to be satisfied with the confident undertone of the market. Farms can still be sold at good prices, and there are bargains to be picked up, both in this section of the market and residentially, so many owners having had to relinquish properties owing to absence with the Forces. The offers of many nice houses and flats in London are on terms that represent no more than the holders' desire to avoid having to pay caretakers.

REIGATE PRIORY AS EMERGENCY OFFICES

THE HON. PETER BEATTY has, through the agency of Messrs. F. D. Ibbett, Mosely, Card and Co., let Reigate Priory, the famous Surrey seat which was described and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. XLIII, pages 340 and 362). Reigate Priory possesses rare and fascinating architectural elements. One of them is the chimneypiece in the Holbein Room. It was carved during the reign of Henry VIII, and the design seems to point to its having originally been a decorative feature of Bletchingley Manor. Anne of Cleves held that manor, and later owners were the Howards of Effingham, whose associations with Reigate Priory probably explain the removal of the mantelpiece to its present position. John Evelyn, in his *Diary* in 1655, does, in fact, allude to the mantelpiece as having come from the manor house at Bletchingley. There is little or nothing to warrant the suggestion that it was originally an adornment of Nonsuch. Verrio painted the grand staircase at Reigate Priory, but there is no record of the names of the artists who wrought the rich panelling of the Jacobean door on the Monk's Landing. In 1770-80 a Dorking man bought Reigate Priory, and he re-fronted and enlarged it. He worked part of the thirteenth-century refectory into the walls of the house. The gardens are rich in topiary work, and exhibit grand old cedars of Lebanon and tulip trees.

A LUTYENS HOUSE

ON two occasions articles about Orchards, the Godalming residence, built for the late Sir William Chance, Bt., have appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE* (Vol. x, page 272; and Vol. XXIII, page 522). Sir Edwin Lutyens was the architect. After occupying it for about twenty years, Sir William Chance bought a fine old manor house at Cuckfield, and, acting on his behalf, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. sold the property in 1918. The present owner, Lady Elizabeth Taylor, has retained the firm, and Messrs. H. B. Baverstock and Son, to sell Orchards. The house, built of Bargate stone, stands 330ft. above sea level on the greensand formation, and from all parts of the 37 acres a glorious view is obtained across the undulating wooded North Downs and the Dorking and Reigate hills.

Hammerwood Park, East Grinstead, a Georgian house with some 320 acres, is for sale by order of Mr. Harold Taylor, or the owner is willing for it to be let unfurnished

(not furnished, as stated in our issue of October 28th). He has spent large sums in improving the property during the four years that he has held it. The agents are Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

In another instance, Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. sold a property and are now to resell it after some years. It is Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. Hobson's Northamptonshire estate, Cornhill, near Towcester, which he bought nearly fourteen years ago.

GREAT TANGLEY MANOR

ONE of the most beautiful timber-built houses of Surrey, Great Tangley Manor, near Wonerish, in the neighbourhood of Guildford, is for sale. The house with its half-timberwork and moated setting is wonderfully picturesque. Originally built in the reign of Henry VII, it was enlarged in 1582, a date carved on oak brackets on the south-east front. The old-world gardens are among the prettiest in the south of England. There are a bathing pool and a lake well stocked with fish. The entire property, consisting of about 120 acres, is in excellent condition; there is an elaborate bomb-proof shelter built by Precast Concrete, Ltd. The agents are Messrs. Messenger and Morgan with Messrs. Winkworth and Co.

Facing The Friars at Winchelsea is one of the oldest houses in the town. It has been well modernised, and stands in a beautiful garden of an acre. Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. are to let or sell the property. They are also agents to dispose by sale or tenancy of a Queen Anne house and 2 acres in Rottingdean; and they offer an old freehold stone house, at Llangattock, near Crickhowell, for £850; and a house at Caerphilly, large enough for institutional purposes, for £6,500. They have for sale three Devon farms, with houses and buildings, and a total area of 252 acres, let at £235 a year. The price of the freehold (including timber) is £4,500.

FISHING AT KENMARE

LORD LANSDOWNE is willing to let not only Sheen Falls, his property at Kenmare, County Kerry, but another in the same neighbourhood, namely, Derreen. His agents are Messrs. Wm. Grogan and Boyd. The fishing is first-rate.

Scottish sales concluded during the last few days include 375 acres of Ardentallen, five miles south of Oban. The house is on the shore of Loch Feochan. Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele were the agents.

The death of Sir Armine Morris, Bt., brings into the market Strattons, the stud farm of 147 acres, at Kingsclere, Newbury, which for many years belonged to the late Mr. John Porter. Messrs. Nicholas, through their Reading office, invite a buyer at only £7,000. There is a comfortable residence.

The price of a choice house, dating from the time of Charles I, with a garden and orchard, twenty-five miles from London and in the heart of rural Hertfordshire, is £2,500. Messrs. Maple and Co. are the agents. They offer a freehold in Cornwall, consisting of a

modern house in a garden of over an acre, adjoining the golf links at Lelant. It has all "main" services.

SHEFFIELD PARK, SUSSEX

SHEFFIELD PARK, near Uckfield, is to be let furnished, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The estate contains a chain of lakes. It is a mile from Fletching, the burial place of Edward Gibbon.

Lyburn Park came under the hammer of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff's Yeovil office; the auction was held on the estate. Some lots changed hands, but the mansion and 140 acres, with timber estimated to be worth £1,000, were bought in at a final bid of £4,000. The property of 395 acres lies twelve miles from Salisbury and fourteen from Southampton, in the Wiltshire Nomansland.

Bradwell Lodge, formerly The Old Rectory, on the Essex coast at Bradwell-on-Sea, has been sold by Messrs. Winkworth and Co. The buyer is restoring the house.

An Exeter estate of 36 acres known as Newport House, at Countess Weir, overlooking the Exe, is for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. It is a modernised stone residence, a few minutes' walk from a golf course.

In the last four weeks Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have acted in the sale or letting of ten or twelve properties within a few miles of Iver and Uxbridge. As to all but one property, the firm represented the buyer or tenant. In addition, a number of small houses in the same localities have been dealt with by the firm.

OFFERS OF TENANCY

SIR HENRY PAGE CROFT, M.P., has decided to let his Bournemouth residence, Knole, furnished, for the winter months. It stands in 4 or 5 acres, close to the sea. Messrs. Fox and Sons are his agents.

Lettings effected by Messrs. Tresidder and Co. include Walton Hall and 100 acres, at Bletchley, jointly with Messrs. Osborn and Mercer. The firm has sold Langdon Court, a historical property in Devonshire; and, to a buyer introduced by Messrs. Nicholas, Westrop House, a Georgian residence at Highworth, near Swindon.

Kensington sales and lettings have recently shown a slightly livelier tendency. Messrs. Marsh and Parsons have just sold the freehold town mansion, No. 38, Addison Road.

Gunthorpe, Oakham, 350 acres, in the heart of the Cottesmore country, is for sale by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, who have sold Windwhistle, 5 acres, at Grayshott, near Haslemere; and, for £2,500, Hillfield, 3 acres, not far from Henley-in-Arden.

Another improving trend, according to Mr. G. Russell-Hay (Messrs. Hampton and Sons), is the demand for furniture. At their auction of the contents of Dean Lodge, Roehampton, they obtained 93 guineas for a panel of Flemish tapestry, 29 guineas for a set of six walnut dining chairs, and 26 guineas for a Worcester dessert service, as well as good prices for clocks and carpets.

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with shoes, stockings, underwear, and completed her wardrobe with hat, overcoat, gloves, and even umbrella. Naturally, when one shop provides the whole of an outfit the garments are much more likely to be satisfying in relation to each other, with regard to cut and colours, than when one buys here and there and one shop's navy blue turns out to be another shop's royal. In the coat and skirt shown the clever use of the material in the long pleats of the skirt, on the cross, and in facing the slit pockets is worth noting.



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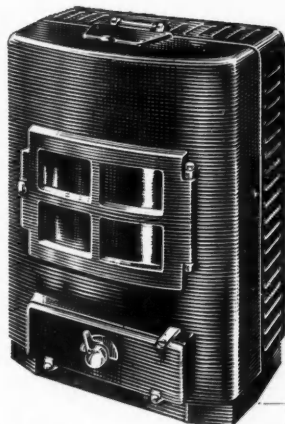
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YOUNG'S HOTEL, HIGH PETERGATE.	<i>Scotland—continued.</i> GLENDEYON (near Gleneagles). CASTLE HOTEL. Telephone: Muckhart 27. FERTH. WINDSOR RESTAURANT. 38, St. John Street. ROSS-SHIRE GAIRLOCH. GAIRLOCH HOTEL. STRATHPEFFER. SEA HOTEL. SUTHERLANDSHIRE LAIRG. ALTNAHARRA HOTEL. SCOURIE. HOTEL SCOURIE. WIGTOWNSHIRE STRANRAER. AULD KING'S ARMS. WALES ABERDOVEY. TREFFODIAN HOTEL. BANGOR. CASTLE HOTEL. CAPEL CURIG. TYN-Y-CODD HOTEL. DOLGELLEY. GOLDEN LION ROYAL HOTEL. HARLECH. ST. DAVID'S HOTEL. LLANDERNDOD WELLS. YE WELLS HOTEL. LLANGOLLEN. THE HAND HOTEL. MENAI BRIDGE. GAZELLE HOTEL. GLYN GARTH. SAUNDERSFOOT, TENBY. ST. BRIDES HOTEL. SNOWDONIA, NANTGWYNANT. PEN-Y-GWYD HOTEL.
BEDFORDSHIRE BEDFORD. SWAN HOTEL. BLETHSOE. THE FALCON INN. EATON SOCON. YE OLDE WHITE HORSE. BERKSHIRE ABINGDON. CROWN AND THISTLE HOTEL. ABCOU. BERYSTEDDE HOTEL. BRAY-ON-THAMES. THE HIND'S HEAD HOTEL. READING. GEORGE HOTEL. SUNNING. WHITE HART HOTEL. WINDSOR. THE "WHITE HART," WINDSOR LTD.	DORSETSHIRE CHARMOUTH. THE COURT. SHAFESBURY. COMBEE HOUSE HOTEL. SHERBORNE. DIGBY HOTEL. SWANAGE. HOTEL GROSVENOR. DURHAM DURHAM. DURHAM COUNTY HOTEL. WATERLOO HOTEL. ESSEX FRINTON-ON-SEA. BEACH HOTEL. WESTCLIFF-ON-SEA. QUEEN'S HOTEL. Hamlet Court Road.	LANCASHIRE BLACKPOOL. HOTEL METROPOLIS. SOUTHPORT. VICTORIA HOTEL. PALACE HOTEL. ST. ANNES-ON-SEA. GRAND HOTEL. LINCOLNSHIRE GRANTHAM. ANGEL AND ROYAL HOTEL. GEORGE HOTEL. HOLBEACH. CHIEFQUEERS HOTEL. LINCOLN. WHITE HART HOTEL. STAMFORD. GEORGE HOTEL. WOODHALL SPA. EAGLE LODGE HOTEL. MONMOUTH LLANGIBBY. COURT BLEDDYN. NORFOLK BLAKENEY. BLAKENEY HOTEL. CAISTER-ON-SEA. MANOR HOUSE HOTEL. CROMER. GRAND HOTEL. HUNSTANTON. LE STRANGE ARMS GOLF LINKS HOTEL. GOLDEN LION HOTEL. NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FOTHERINGHAY. MANOR FARM COUNTRY HOTEL. KETTERING. GEORGE HOTEL. PETERBOROUGH. ANGEL HOTEL. BULL HOTEL. GRAND HOTEL. NOTTINGHAMSHIRE NR. RETFORD. BARNEY MOOR. YE OLDE BELL HOTEL.	IRELAND (EIRE) ENNISTYMON (Co. CLARE). FALLS HOTEL. DUBLIN. ROYAL HIBERNIAN HOTEL. GLENHIGH (Co. KERRY). THE HOTEL. LOUGH ARROW (Co. SLIGO). HOLLYBROOK HOUSE HOTEL. WATERVILLE (Co. KERRY). BUTLER ARMS HOTEL. BAY VIEW HOTEL. WHITEGATE (Hunting District) (Co. CORK). CORKBEG HOTEL. NORTHERN IRELAND BANGOR (Co. DOWN). ROYAL HOTEL. BELFAST. GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL. PORTSTRA. SEARANK HOTEL. SCOTLAND ARGYLLSHIRE KIMFORD. CULFAIL HOTEL. LOCH AWE. LOCH AWE HOTEL. TOBERMORY (Isle of Mull). WESTERN ISLES HOTEL. EAST LOTHIAN GULLANE. MARINE HOTEL. Telephone: Gullane 108. FIFESHIRE ST. ANDREWS. THE GRAND HOTEL. INVERNESS-SHIRE CARRBRIDGE. CARRBRIDGE HOTEL. INVERNESS. CALLEDONIAN HOTEL. ROYAL HOTEL. ONICH. CREAG-DHU HOTEL. PORTREE. PORTREE HOTEL. KINCARDINESHIRE BANCHORY. TOR-NA-COILLE HOTEL. PERTHSHIRE BLAIR ATHOLL. ATHOLL ARMS HOTEL. CALLANDER. DREADNOUGHT HOTEL.	FOREIGN HOTELS AUSTRIA BADGASTEIN. "DER KAISERHOF." BELGIUM LE ZOUTE. GROSVINOR HOTEL. Digue de Mer 220. CEYLON COLOMBO. GALLE FACE HOTEL. KANDY. QUEEN'S HOTEL. FRANCE BEAULIEU-SUR-MER. HOTEL BRISTOL. BERCK-PLAGE. REGINA ET VILLA DE LA SANTE. CANNES. CARLTON HOTEL. LYONS. GRAND NOUVEI HOTEL. 11, Rue Grole. MARSEILLES. HOTEL DE LOUVRE ET DE LA PAIX. PARIS. HOTEL RITZ. 15, Place Vendome. HOTEL SCRIBE. 1, Rue Scribe. HOTEL ASTORIA. 131, Avenue des Champs-Élysées. HOTEL WAGRAM. 208, Rue de Rivoli, Jardin des Tuileries. LE TOUQUET-PARIS-PLAGE. WESTMINSTER HOTEL. MONTE CARLO. HOTEL DE PARIS. VERSAILLES. TRIANON PALACE HOTEL. ITALY MERANO. PARK HOTEL. ROME. HOTEL MAJESTIC. JAPAN KOBE. ORIENTAL HOTEL. SOUTH AFRICA KENYA (THIKA). BLUE POST HOTEL. SWITZERLAND GENEVA. HOTEL DE LA PAIX. LAUSANNE OUCHY. HOTEL SAVOY. HOTEL ROYAL. HOTEL MIRABEAU. LUGANO. HOTEL SPLENIDE. PONTRESINA. GRAND HOTEL KRONENHOF. BELLAVISTA.	